

JUN 18 1942

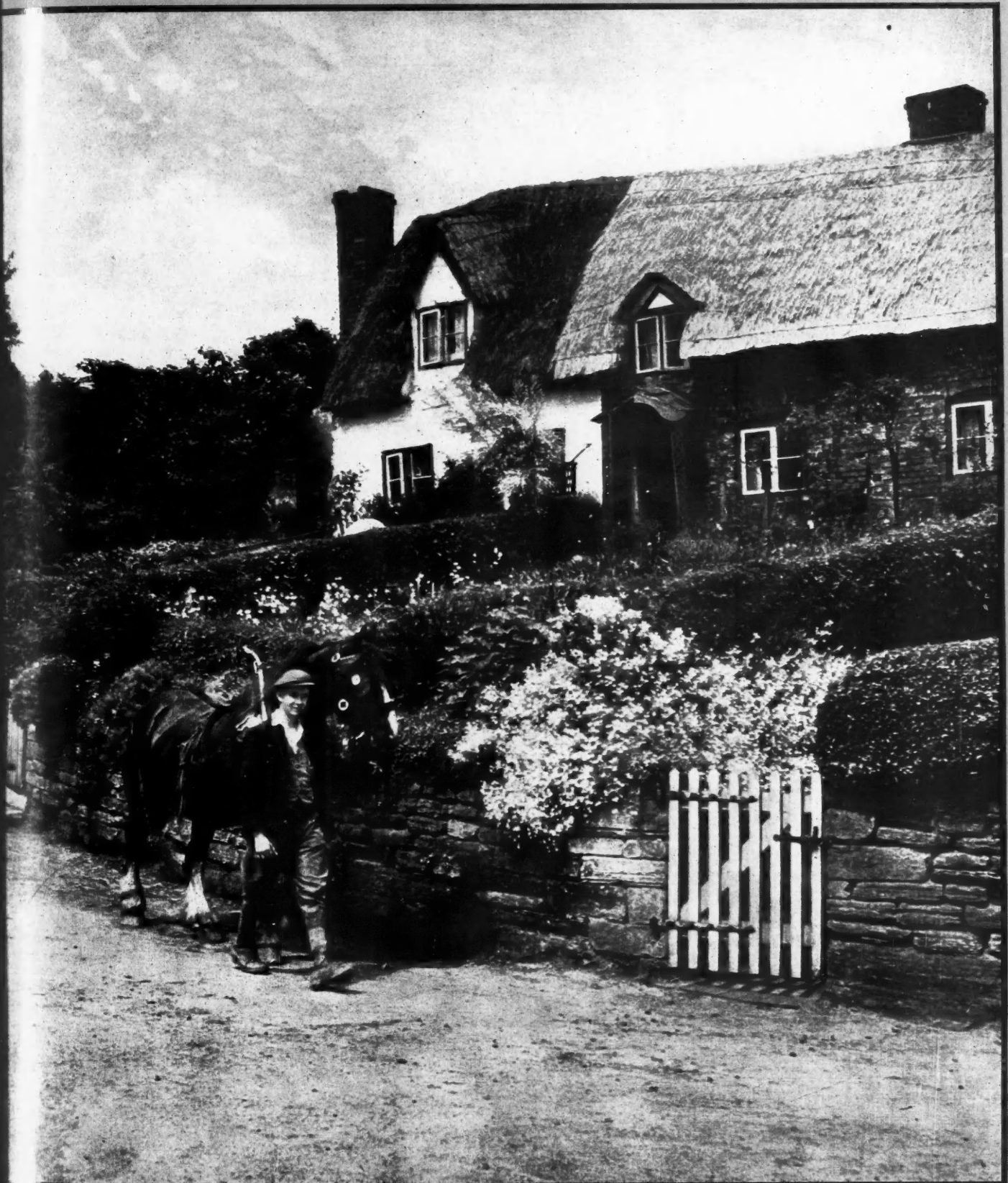
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COUNTRY LIFE

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GARDENING

MR. CUTHBERT'S GARDEN TALK

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Anybody can grow a few Tomato plants out of doors this summer, whether you have a large garden with the ideal south wall, or whether it is only a window box, and the crops which can be obtained from these outdoor plants are truly amazing. They are easily grown from seed or you may obtain the ready hardened off plants.

CUTHBERT'S OUT-DOORS TOMATO is an outstanding variety which does exceptionally well. Plants can be obtained direct from me (see under) or the seed of this variety is available with over 100 types of popular and interesting vegetables at your nearest WOOLWORTH'S STORE. Order your requirements to-day.

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CLASSIFIED ANNOUNCEMENTS

PROPERTY LINEAGE page 95.

COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XCI. No. 2365

MAY 15, 1942

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AN ESTATE OF ABOUT 5,000 ACRES

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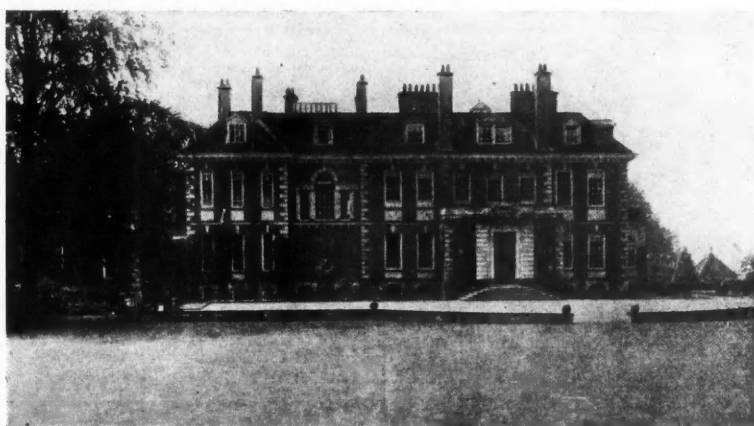
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THE MANSION HOUSE with 4 reception rooms, 27 bedrooms

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varying in area from 36 to 491 Acres, let on yearly tenancies.

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IN WELL-TIMBERED
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Lodge and Flat.

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A FURTHER 12 ACRES AND A COTTAGE COULD BE HAD IF REQUIRED

Agents: WINKWORTH & Co., 48, Curzon Street, London, W.1.

SURREY HILLS—620 FEET UP

Excellent train services.



A QUEEN ANNE HOUSE

10 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception and billiards rooms. MAIN SERVICES. CENTRAL HEATING. STABLING, GARAGE, FARMERY. TWO COTTAGES. Pleasure Grounds, etc., of 6 ACRES.

FREEHOLD FOR SALE, PRICE £5,500 OR WOULD BE LET UNFURNISHED

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WEST SUSSEX

Close to Village. Exceptional Views.

A LONG LOW RESIDENCE

9 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms excellent domestic offices.

MAIN ELECTRIC LIGHT AND WATER.

CENTRAL HEATING. SANDY SOIL.

GARAGE 3 CARS. LODGE.

CHARMING GARDENS AND GROUNDS.

WITH HARD TENNIS COURT, KITCHEN GARDEN, ETC.

IN ALL 10 ACRES

FREEHOLD FOR SALE AT LOW PRICE

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KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

WEST HERTFORDSHIRE



About 20 miles from London.

About 400 ft. up on gravelly soil, facing South, with absolutely rural views, the House, which occupies an exceptionally fine position, is a fine reproduction of an early Georgian Residence, is replete with all modern conveniences and approached by a long drive.

Entrance and inner halls, 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Adjoining is a cottage containing 5 rooms and a bathroom.

Central heating. Companies' electric light and water. Telephone. Modern septic tank drainage.

Stabling and Garage for 3 cars.

THE GARDENS are delightfully laid out in Terraces. Hard Tennis Court. Swimming pool. Herbaceous Borders. Pergolas. Rock garden. Kitchen garden.

Orchard. Farmery. Paddocks and Woodland.

OVER 50 ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD AT A REDUCED PRICE

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BETWEEN WINCHESTER AND PETERSFIELD

Situate in unspoilt country on the outskirts of a village.

A FINE GEORGIAN-STYLE RESIDENCE which is in excellent condition, stands about 270 ft. up on light soil, facing due South and commanding excellent views.

Hall, 4 reception rooms, billiards room, 11 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

Central heating. Company's electric light and power. Telephone. Well water supply. Septic tank drainage.

Stabling. Garage for 3. 5 Cottages.

The Gardens are beautifully situated on a Southern slope with specimen trees, Tennis Lawn, Kitchen Gardens, Orchard, Paddocks and Parkland, in all

ABOUT 27 ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD £7,000

Sole Agents: Chinneck, Gardner & Corbet, Ltd., Kingsbury House, 15/17, King Street, St. James's, S.W.1, and Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1. (8343.)



WESTERN GLOUCESTERSHIRE

PANORAMIC VIEWS OVER MANY COUNTIES

Occupying a glorious position in its own Park about 300 ft. up, with all-round views, the Cotswold Stone Residence with tiled roof is in first-class order and approached by two drives.

The accommodation, which is all on two floors, comprises: Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 12 bedrooms (5 with basins), 3 bathrooms.

Central heating, gas, company's electricity available. Telephone. Excellent water supply, septic tank drainage system.

Stabling for 7 with rooms over. Garage for 4 cars. 4 cottages.

THE PLEASURE GROUNDS include Grass Tennis Courts, large productive Kitchen Garden; HOME FARM, the remainder being grassland. The whole property extends to

ABOUT 320 ACRES (all in hand)

FOR SALE FREEHOLD.

Hunting, Golf, Shooting

Further particulars of the Agents: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1. (39,962.)

SOUTH-EAST MIDLANDS

London about 65 miles.

Occupying a choice position 250 ft. up on sandy soil, facing South with good views.

Stone-built Tudor RESIDENCE, part of which is 400 years old, with William and Mary additions, is approached by a fine avenue drive of 150 yards. Lounge hall, 4 reception, billiards room, 14 bed and dressing rooms, 5 bathrooms.

Central heating. Company's electric light. Ample water supply. Septic tank drainage.

Stabling for 19. Garage for 3 cars. 8 Cottages and Farmhouse.

WELL-TIMBERED PLEASURE GROUNDS

Tennis and croquet lawns, swimming pool, kitchen garden; about 144 acres of pasture; 20 acres of arable. The whole, which is in hand, extends to

ABOUT 167 ACRES

The House would be Sold with up to about 22 Acres.

To be Sold Freehold. Hunting. Golf.

Owner's Agents: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1. (33,606.)

45 MILES NORTH-WEST OF LONDON

Main Line Station, 3 miles.

WELL-APPOINTED RESIDENCE built of brick, in first-rate order throughout and fitted with all modern improvements. It stands about 300 ft. up, approached by a drive.

The house contains entrance hall, 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

Central heating. Companies' electric light and water. Telephone. Modern drainage.

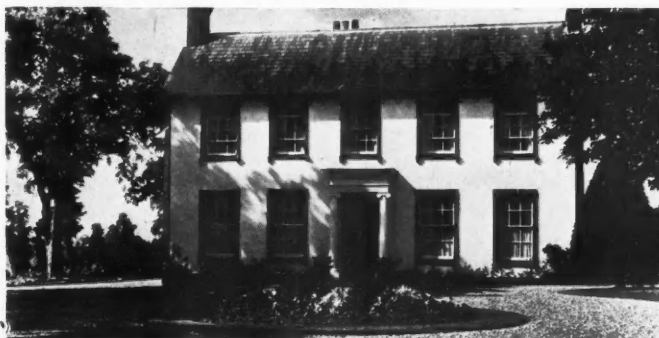
Stabling for 7. Garage for 6 cars. Pair of cottages, each containing 4 rooms.

THE GARDENS are delightfully laid out and include lawns, flower and kitchen gardens, orchard and grassland.

ABOUT 10 ACRES. FOR SALE FREEHOLD.

HUNTING. GOLF.

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Telegrams:
Galleries, Wesdo, London



HAMPTON & SONS

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Telephone: Regent 8222 (Private Branch Exchange)

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SITUATION WITHOUT RIVAL WITHIN SIMILAR DISTANCE OF PICCADILLY AND ONLY 20 MINUTES BY MOTOR ADJOINING AND SURROUNDED BY COOMBE HILL GOLF COURSE WITH 3,000 ACRES OF RICHMOND PARK ON ONE SIDE AND 1,200 ACRES OF WIMBLEDON COMMON ON THE OTHER—OPEN SPACES FOR EVER.

A remarkably fine medium-sized

HOUSE OF CHARACTER AND GREAT CHARM

Built and equipped regardless of cost and in exquisite taste.

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GRAVEL SOIL.



Private drive approach bordered by Golf Course.

Handsome lounge.

Fine reception suite (4 rooms).

12 bedrooms.

4 bathrooms.

Model offices.

PEACEFUL

SURROUNDINGS.

CENTRAL
HEATING

OAK
FLOORS

SOUTH ELEVATION

OAK
PANELLING

SUPERB
APPOINTMENTS



THE TERRACE (SOUTH)

WIDE AND DELIGHTFUL VIEWS

BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS 2 ACRES

HARD TENNIS COURT. DOUBLE GARAGE.
CHAUFFEUR'S FLAT.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD



DRAWING-ROOM

Apply Owner's Agents, HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1 (REG. 8222), or High Street, Wimbledon Common. (WIM. 0081.) (P. 4969.)

BRANCH OFFICE: HIGH STREET, WIMBLEDON COMMON, S.W.19

Tel.: WIM. 0081

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1/6 per line. (Min. 3 lines.)

FOR SALE

STAINES, near. In attractive country position with excellent views. Modern house built in the old-fashioned style with old bricks, beams, etc. 4 bedrooms (3 with basins), bathroom, hall with cloakroom, large lounge, dining room, kitchen, fine studio, garage for 3, central heating, lovely garden. Price £4,500 freehold. Apply: DUDLEY W. HARRIS & Co., Staines.

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WARWICKSHIRE. XVth century COTTAGE in village within 1 mile Stratford-on-Avon. All main services. Electric radiator, heating, 3 bedrooms, 2 reception rooms, 2 bathrooms. No garage, but one available nearby. Small garden. Price £2,850 freehold.—M. P., Box 22.

AUCTION

By direction of W. J. James, Esq.
OUTSKIRTS CITY OF HEREFORD. Highly important Sale of a pleasantly situated Small

FREEHOLD MODEL ESTATE (Land Tax and Tithe redeemed), being the whole of Mr. James' property in Hereford, comprising: Gentleman's Attractive Residence, standing in 2½ Acres grounds. About 9 Acres of Valuable Land, part with long road frontage, and 3 garages (in occupation of the Owner and with vacant possession); also 36 MODERN VILLAS erected 5 years ago, 20 being detached and 16 Semi-detached, all with brick garages; also 3 Cottages, well let and producing £1,795 6s. 6d. nett per annum. To be offered for Sale by Auction in Lots by Greenlands Ltd. on Thursday, May 28, 1942, at 2.30 p.m. (unless previously sold privately). Particulars from the Auctioneers, Hereford, or Messrs. DAVID ALLEN & CARVER, Solicitors, Hereford.

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ESSEX, N. To Let—Furnished Detached House. Pleasant safe village. Rural. 3 or 4 bed, 2 reception, bath and cloak. H. and c. Excellent domestic offices. Attractive garden. Main gas, water, drain. 3 gns. inclusive 3 months or longer. Reply—CRAVEN, 98, Dorchester Road, Weymouth.

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A few modern newly furnished flats from 3 gns. to 8 gns. weekly.
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Adjacent to the New Forest.

PEACEFUL AND SECLUDED

UNUSUALLY CHARMING

SMALL JACOBEOAN MANOR

HOUSE (1611)

SMALL BRICKS. LOVELY
CHARACTERISTIC CHIMNEYS.
LED ROOFS. FACING SOUTH.

4 reception, 7 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms.
Main water and electricity.



AWAY FROM BUILDING
DEVELOPMENT

Garage for 2 cars.

GROUNDS BORDERED BY FINE
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THROUGH THE WOOD. ORCHARD
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Adjacent to Famous Ducal Estate.

PICTURESQUE OLD HOUSE OF QUEEN ANNE PERIOD (COTSWOLD STONE)

4 reception, 8 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms. Main water.
Electricity. Central heating. Garages. Extensive
stabling, useful for storage purposes.

PLEASURE GROUNDS OF 4 ACRES
TO LET UNFURNISHED OR FREEHOLD WOULD
BE SOLD, £4,500.

Photos with RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, as above. (12,770.)

BLETCHLEY 4 MILES. 1 hour express
SURROUNDED BY PARKLAND.

QUEEN ANNE HOUSE (STONE-BUILT)
4 reception, 8 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. All main services.
Power plugs. Garage and outbuilding.

WELL-STOCKED GARDENS OF 3 ACRES
Gardener's Cottage.
UNFURNISHED LEASE (non-repairing), 15 years.

TO BE ASSIGNED AT VERY LOW RENT
OF £80 P.A. (PLUS RATES). Premium required (to
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500 ft. up. Magnificent views.

TUDOR STYLE HOUSE (40 YEARS OLD)

3 reception, 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Main water and
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FREEHOLD, UNDER £4,000

POSSESSION ON COMPLETION

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650 ft. above sea level. Magnificent views.

A REALLY UNIQUE SMALL HOUSE IN PERFECT
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3 large reception, 4 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Main services.
Central heating. Garages.

VERY CHARMING GARDENS, FULLY MATURED.
Well-stocked kitchen garden. Protective Larch wood.

NEARLY 1½ ACRES. FREEHOLD £3,950

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CLOSE TO HISTORICAL TOWN

SMALL RESIDENTIAL FARM. 42½ ACRES

Mostly grass, bounded by stream.

GENUINE OLD FARMHOUSE

Restored and modernised. 3 bedrooms, bathroom,
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PRICE FREEHOLD—£3,900

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CAPITAL DAIRY AND MIXED FARM
ABOUT 330 ACRES

ATTRACTIVE MODERN FARMHOUSE

Main electric light and water. Good buildings. 6 cottages

PRICE £30 PER ACRE

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Wisborough Green, 2½ miles. Pulborough, 5 miles.

CHARMING TUDOR-STYLE RESIDENCE

IN A WOODLAND SETTING 500 FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.



4 reception rooms, 5
bedrooms (1 with basin),
bathroom, maids' sitting
room.

Electric light. Water.
Perfect condition.

GARAGE FOR 2 CARS
COTTAGE.

Beautiful grounds,
lawns, spring-fed
pools, etc.

26 ACRES
PRICE £4,850
FREEHOLD

IMMEDIATE POSSESSION.

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NORTH OF THE WILTSHIRE DOWNS

4 miles Main Line Junction. Few minutes from local Station.

TO BE LET UNFURNISHED WITH POSSESSION.

GEORGIAN MANOR HOUSE

of 3 reception, good
domestic offices,
8 principal and
secondary bedrooms,
bathroom.

Good cellars. Main
water, electricity, gas
and drainage. Partial
central heating.
Telephone.

Pleasant grounds,
paddock and orchard
(4 acres). Garage and
Stabling.
Gardener's cottage.

500 ft. above sea level.



4 ACRES

FINE VIEWS. IMMEDIATE POSSESSION.
JACKSON STOPS. Land Agents, Cirencester.

ONE OF THE FINEST ELIZABETHAN RESIDENCES IN THE HOME COUNTIES

7 miles East Grinstead. 26 miles London.

LUXURIOUSLY APPOINTED AND PERFECTLY MODERNISED HOME

GET ENJOYING ALL THE CHARACTERISTICS OF
ITS PERIOD.

reception rooms, 7 principal bedrooms, 7 secondary
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Main electric light and water.

GARAGE FOR 4-5 CARS (and chauffeurs' quarters).

tennis Court. Swimming Pool. Putting Green.

significant grounds of indescribable beauty. Heated
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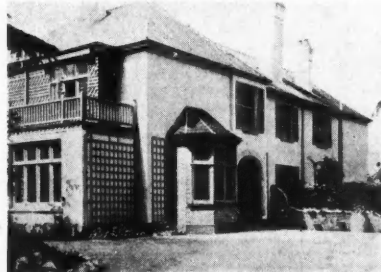
ABOUT 12 ACRES.

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5 minutes' walk station. Immediate Possession.



DELIGHTFUL RESIDENCE

MODERNISED AND IN PERFECT CONDITION.
3/4 reception rooms, 6/7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Central
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PROBABLY THE LOVELIEST HOUSE IN THE
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A SMALL WILLIAM AND MARY HOUSE

10-11 bedrooms (5 with lavatory basins), 3 bathrooms,
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MAIN ELECTRICITY, PERFECT WATER,
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Fine Kitchen Garden and Orchards (Gardener will stay).

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WANTED IN THE AREA BETWEEN GLOUCESTER, WORCESTER, STRATFORD-ON-AVON AND STOW-ON-THE-WOLD, MODERNISED COTSWOLD STONE-BUILT HOUSE. 9-10 BED, 2-3 BATHS, WITH FARM BETWEEN 200-300 ACRES. POSSESSION NOT NECESSARY UNTIL AFTER THE WAR.

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3 hours London. Near 'Bus service. Park-like views.



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3 miles from main line station.

CHOICE MODERN RESIDENCE

5 bedrooms, 2 bath rooms, 2 reception rooms, compact domestic offices.

GARAGE. CENTRAL HEATING. ELECTRIC LIGHT.

ATTRACTIVE GARDENS WITH LAWNS AND BORDERS. KITCHEN GARDEN AND SMALL MEADOW. IN ALL

3 ACRES

PRICE FREEHOLD, £4,000

Details from—FAREBROTHER ELLIS & CO.,
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WEST SURREY ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE



4 bedrooms, 2 bath rooms, 2 reception rooms. Garage. Modern conveniences.

EASILY MAINTAINED GARDENS. IN ALL ABOUT
10 ACRES PRICE FREEHOLD, £3,250
(MIGHT LET UNFURNISHED)

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In a pretty Cotswold Village

STONE-BUILT MANOR HOUSE

7 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bath rooms, 3 reception rooms. Compact domestic offices.

CENTRAL HEATING. ELECTRIC LIGHT. GARAGE. GARDENER'S COTTAGE

ATTRACTIVE GARDENS WITH PROLIFIC KITCHEN GARDEN AND ORCHARD, THE WHOLE EXTENDING TO NEARLY

4 ACRES

TO BE SOLD FREEHOLD

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'Grams: "Cornishmen, London."

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INTERESTING CHARACTER HOUSE of XIIIth and XVth centuries, modernised and in excellent order. Main electric light. Aga and gas cookers. 3 reception, 2 bathrooms, 5 bedrooms (3 h. & c.). 2 garages. Useful outbuildings. Inexpensive gardens, walled kitchen garden, orchard. **4 ACRES.**—TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1.

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Telephone: KEN. 0855.

WITHOUT ANY DOUBT WHATSOEVER
GREATEST BARGAIN IN THE MARKET. NOT A SINGLE DRAWBACK.
LOVELIEST PART OF WEST SUSSEX. Between Petworth and Pulborough. PICTURESQUE MODERN COUNTRY HOUSE OF CHARACTER. Oak doors, oak beams and rafters, open fireplaces. 3 reception, 5 bedrooms, luxury bathroom. Garage. Electric light. Excellent water. Modern drainage. Charming gardens and lovely beechwoods. **20 ACRES. ONLY £3,750**
IMMEDIATE INSPECTION ESSENTIAL. CERTAIN TO BE SOLD QUICKLY.

ONE AND HALF MILE EXCLUSIVE TROUT FISHING
MOST ATTRACTIVE SMALL SPORTING FARM.
N. Devon, between Bideford and Torrington. 450 ft. up gently sloping to trout stream; glorious panorama in all directions: stone-built House. 3 reception, 6 bed. Excellent farm buildings.
68 ACRES—£3,500

TO-DAY ALMOST UNOBTAINABLE. SOMETHING REALLY EXCEPTIONAL
Glorious position. Sevenoaks Rural, secluded. 400 ft. up, overlooking a peaceful tiny hamlet, 1 mile station, bus passes. Picturesque little country house, part old. Most easy to run. 3 reception, 5 bed, bath. Main services. Stabling. Garage. The loveliest gardens, quite inexpensive. Valuable orchards and pastureland. **24 ACRES. ONLY £4,500.**

G. H. BAYLEY & SONS

(Established over three-quarters of a Century).

Surveyors and Estate Agents, 27, PROMENADE, CHELTENHAM



NORTH COTSWOLDS

£7,500. FOR IMMEDIATE SALE

In a pretty village close to Chipping Campden. Birmingham 35 miles. Easy distance from railway station.

THIS CHARMING COTSWOLD RESIDENCE, of moderate size; 4 reception rooms, 6 principal bedrooms and 3 secondary, dressing room, 3 bathrooms. Electric light, gas, central heating, main water. Garage for 2 cars.

ATTRACTIVE GROUNDS, LAWNS, PRODUCTIVE KITCHEN GARDEN, PADDOCK-ORCHARD, IN ALL ABOUT **4½ ACRES.**

ALL IN FINE ORDER, READY FOR OCCUPATION.

Highly recommended 'by Sole Agents, BAYLEYS, 27, Promenade' Cheltenham (Telephone 2102).

DEVON and S. & W. COUNTIES

THE ONLY COMPLETE
ILLUSTRATED REGISTER
Price 2/6

SELECTED LISTS FREE

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(Est. 1884.) EXETER.

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WANTED, ATTRACTIVE MODERN FREEHOLD TUDOR STYLE RESIDENCE. half-timbered and brick, or stone-faced, 5/8 bedrooms and servants' wing, well situated and secluded in approximately 15 acres of preferably undulating ground in Cheshire, about 15 miles south of Manchester.

SECURE FROM BUILDING PROJECTS.

Large garages, outbuildings and lodge, with model farm or farm adjoining advantageous. Give detailed particulars. Box 11.

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ADVERTISEMENTS

OF PROPERTIES INDEXED UNDER COUNTRIES

(For Sale To Let, Wanted, etc.)
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PAGE 930

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JOHN D. WOOD & CO.

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DELIGHTFULLY SITUATED RESIDENCE

COMMANDING MAGNIFICENT VIEWS OF THE WESTERN ISLES.
GROUSE MOOR. MIXED AND WINTER SHOOTING
THREE TROUT LOCHS. SEA FISHING. FIRST-CLASS GOLF COURSE.
GOOD MOTOR ROADS.
CARRIAGEWAY AND ENTRANCE LODGE. WIDE TERRACED LAWNS.
WOODED POLICIES.

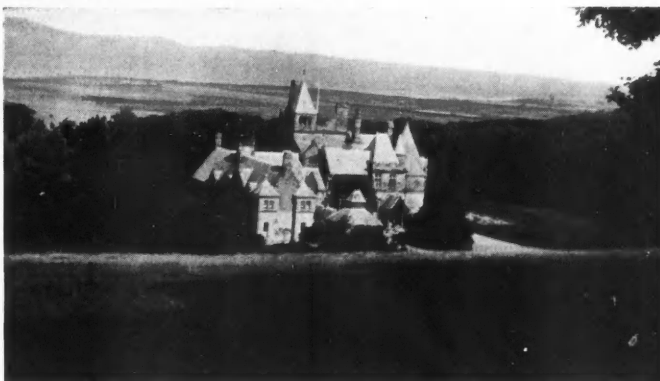
WELL STOCKED GARDENS

FOUR RECEPTION AND BILLIARD ROOMS, EIGHT PRINCIPAL BEDROOMS.
DRESSING ROOMS. FOUR BATHROOMS.
MODERN DOMESTIC AND SERVANTS' ACCOMMODATION.

ELECTRIC LIGHT CENTRAL HEATING

GRAVITATION WATER. GARAGE, STABLES, LAUNDRY, COTTAGES.

Full particulars from the Agents: JOHN D. WOOD & CO., 23, Berkeley Square, London, W.1. (82,858.)



SHROPSHIRE

4 miles from Shrewsbury.

SOUND AGRICULTURAL INVESTMENT

400 ACRES OF FIRST-CLASS LAND (IN THREE FARMS) TOGETHER WITH A SMALL CHARLES II PERIOD HOUSE

STANDING ON A RIDGE WITH SOUTH ASPECT.

THE WHOLE AT PRESENT LET ON VARIOUS TENANCIES TO PRODUCE £820 PER ANNUM
SUBJECT TO FIXED OUTGOINGS OF £44 PER ANNUM AND CERTAIN LANDS IMPROVEMENT CHARGES

PRICE FREEHOLD £20,000

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OSBORN & MERCER

MEMBERS OF THE CHARTERED SURVEYORS' AND AUCTIONEERS' INSTITUTES

28b, ALBEMARLE STREET,
PICCADILLY, W.1.

Fresh in the Market.

HOME COUNTY

For Sale privately, an exceptionally attractive Residential,
Agricultural and Sporting Estate of nearly

700 ACRES

Handsome Modern Residence in Fine Position.

with 12 bedrooms, 3/4 reception, 3 bathrooms.

Main Services. Up-to-date Buildings.

SEVERAL FARMS ALL IN HAND AND CAPITAL
SPORTING WOODLAND

Personally inspected by OSBORN & MERCER. (17,309.)

BUCKS

Within a short distance of well-known golf course.

A FINE MODERN HOUSE

Built about 5 years ago, commanding open South
aspect and standing on loam and gravel soil.

3 reception, 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

All main services. Central heating.

Delightful yet inexpensive gardens including tennis and
other lawns, flower gardens, etc., in all

ABOUT 3/4 ACRE

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Full details from OSBORN & MERCER. (17,319.)

KENT

In lovely surroundings about 300 ft. above sea level with
magnificent views to the south.

A DELIGHTFUL SMALL WOODED ESTATE
with an attractive up-to-date House



Lounge hall, 3 reception, 8 bedrooms (all with fitted
lav. basins). 3 bathrooms.

Electric light. Central heating.

Garage. Cottage. Bungalow.

Beautiful pleasure gardens, hard tennis court, rock garden,
kitchen garden, orchard, etc., small area of grassland, and
about 90 acres of woodland, in all

ABOUT 108 ACRES.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Agents: OSBORN & MERCER. (17,112)

28 MILES N.W. OF TOWN.

In delightful unspoilt country over 400 ft. above sea level
and commanding far-reaching views.

CHARMING HOUSE OF CHARACTER

Formerly a farmhouse, now reconstructed and
modernised at great cost.

Lounge hall, 3 reception, sun parlour, 7 bedrooms,
bathroom.

Main electric light and power. Central heating.
Garages. Large Barn.

The pleasure grounds are a special feature and form a
delightful setting for the house. The remainder of the
land, at present let, is mostly arable the whole extending to

ABOUT 76 ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Sole Agents: OSBORN & MERCER. (17,326.)

SOUTH SOMERSET.

**A DELIGHTFUL LITTLE OLD-WORLD HOUSE IN
AN EXCELLENT POSITION 500 FT. ABOVE SEA
LEVEL. COMMANDING EXTENSIVE VIEWS.**

Hall, 3 reception, 5/7 bedrooms, bathroom.

Excellent water supply. Modern cesspool drainage
in first-class order. Telephone, etc.

Charming Small Lodge. Garage. Stabling.

Attractive gardens, large kitchen garden, small area of
grass, etc., in all

ABOUT 1 1/4 ACRES

To be Sold.

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TOTTENHAM COURT RD., W.1
(Tel.: EUSTON 7000)

MAPLE & Co., Ltd.

Also at
5, GRAFTON STREET,
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WEST SUSSEX

Secluded, with magnificent view of the Downs.

**FOR SALE
CHARMING 16TH CENTURY
HOUSE**

IN PERFECT ORDER WITH CENTRAL
HEATING THROUGHOUT. ELECTRIC
LIGHT, etc.

Lounge hall, 3 reception, 10 bedrooms,
4 bathrooms. Excellent cottage. 3 garages.
LOVELY OLD-WORLD GARDENS AND
MEADOW LAND, in all about

40 ACRES

Agents: MAPLE & Co., as above.

WOKING, SURREY

Frequent fast trains to Town in 30 minutes.
Near 4 good golf courses.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD, £4,000
**A CHOICE MODERN HOUSE, BUILT
OF THE FINEST MATERIALS; OAK
FLOORS, ETC.**

Fine billiards room, 3 nice reception rooms,
7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, maid's sitting
room.

LARGE GARAGE FOR 2 CARS.

**GROUND OF 1 ACRE, tennis court,
rockery, kitchen garden.**

Agents: MAPLE & Co., as above.

HERTS

Adjoining Golf Courses, on high ground, only
half an hour from Town, 5 minutes' walk
from station.

**A MOST ATTRACTIVE
RESIDENCE**

With large hall, fine drawing and dining
rooms, about 20 ft. by 16 ft., 6 or 7
bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Garage for 2 cars.
**VERY CHOICE GARDENS OF
1 ACRE**

with yew hedges, lawns, orchard, good
kitchen garden.

PRICE FREEHOLD £4,200

Recommended by MAPLE & Co., as above.

VALUATIONS

FURNITURE and EFFECTS
valued for Insurance, Probate,
etc.

FURNITURE SALES

Conducted in Town and Country

APPLY MAPLE & CO.,
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WILSON & CO.

Telephone:
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ONE HOUR SOUTH OF LONDON

Perfectly appointed House in Lovely Gardens.

Favourite locality, in charming country with splendid train service.

WITH VERY FINE MODEL HOME FARM IN HAND

The House is beautifully equipped and has every comfort and convenience. About 12 bedrooms, 6 bathrooms, 5 reception rooms, complete offices.

THE WHOLE ESTATE IS IN FIRST-RATE ORDER

Stabling. Garages. Bailiff's house. Several cottages.

OVER 100 ACRES. FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Agents: WILSON & Co., 23, Mount Street, W.1.

A PROPERTY OF SINGULAR CHARM

IN A LOVELY PART OF SUSSEX; 450 FT. UP. 1 HOUR LONDON.

In charming gardens with Hard Court and small Swimming Pool

A DELIGHTFUL OLD-WORLD HOUSE

Adapted from old oast houses and barn, regardless of expense. 8 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, lounge hall, 3 rec. rooms. Polished oak floors. "Esse" cooker, etc.

Beautifully appointed and in perfect order.

Main services. Central heating. Garage. Fine games room.

FOR SALE WITH 8 OR 25 ACRES

Sole Agents: WILSON & Co., 23, Mount Street, W.1.

ORIGINAL XIVTH CENTURY MANOR

One of the most delightful old Houses in the West of England

Good sporting and residential part, 2½ hours from London by G.W.R. express.

THE ESTATE IS ABOUT 150 ACRES IN EXTENT

and the Gardens are of a charming old-world character. The whole property is in beautiful order. 12 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, fine suite of reception rooms.

RICH IN CHARACTERISTIC FEATURES OF THE PERIOD

Central heating. Electric light. Garages. Stabling. Cottages.

FOR SALE AT A REASONABLE PRICE

Agents: WILSON & Co., 23, Mount Street, W.1.

IN PERFECT SUSSEX SCENERY

OVER 400 FT. UP, ON SANDY SOIL, ABOUT 35 MILES FROM LONDON.

Stone-built house of delightful character in finely timbered gardens.

A CHARMING SMALL ESTATE OF ABOUT 100 ACRES

The house enjoys perfect seclusion and is in excellent order. 9 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, lounge hall, 3 reception rooms.

ELECTRIC LIGHT, CENTRAL HEATING. BASINS IN BEDROOMS, ETC.

Stabling. Garage. Small farmery. Meadowland and woods.

FOR SALE AT TEMPTING PRICE

Agents: WILSON & Co., 23, Mount Street, W.1.

F. L. MERCER & CO.

SPECIALISTS IN THE DISPOSAL OF COUNTRY ESTATES AND HOUSES

SACKVILLE HOUSE, 40, PICCADILLY, W.1.

Telephone: REGENT 2481

HANDSOME GEORGIAN RESIDENCE OF GREAT CHARACTER

In a beautiful part of Norfolk.

12 miles from Norwich.

Perfectly secluded yet adjoining village.



**COMPLETELY MODERNISED AND
IN PERFECT ORDER**

Suite of 4 reception rooms with oak parquet floors, 8 bedrooms, dressing room, 3 bathrooms. Model domestic offices tiled throughout.

*Central heating. Main electric light.
Running water in bedrooms.*

**SUPERIOR COTTAGE. LARGE GARAGE.
EXQUISITE GARDENS WITH TENNIS COURT.
PARK-LIKE MEADOWLAND.**

8½ ACRES



A HOME OF MOST ENCHANTING CHARACTER.

FOR SALE AT A TEMPTING PRICE

Agents: F. L. MERCER & Co., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.1. (Entrance in Sackville Street.) Tel.: Regent 2481.

LOVELY PART OF SUSSEX, RECEPTION AREA

8 miles Tunbridge Wells, ½ mile local station and 'bus route.

FASCINATING 300-YEARS-OLD HOUSE OF CHARACTER



**INCORPORATING EVERY DESIRABLE
FEATURE OF MODERN EQUIPMENT**

FORMERLY 4 ELIZABETHAN COTTAGES, THE RESIDENCE HAS BEEN ENLARGED AND TASTEFULLY RESTORED IN CHARACTER. THERE IS A WEALTH OF OLD OAK AND ORIGINAL OPEN FIREPLACES.

Tiled entrance hall, drawing room (23 ft. x 19 ft. 3 in.), 2 other reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, 2 tiled bathrooms, usual offices.

Fitted basins in 4 bedrooms. Central heating. Main electric light.

2 garages. Stabling.

Attractive grounds laid out in lawns, rosery, herbaceous borders and crazy-paved terrace. Large paddock bounded by stream.

IN ALL 6½ ACRES. PRICE FREEHOLD £4,750

Sole Agents: F. L. MERCER & Co., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.1. (Entrance in Sackville Street.) Tel.: Regent 2481.



Telephone:
Mayfair 5411

WOODCOCKS

30, ST. GEORGE STREET, HANOVER SQUARE, W.1.

And at
Ipswich

WEST SUFFOLK. A lovely old-world house, nearly 400 ft. up, in unspoiled country. 4 reception, 8 bed, 4 bathrooms. Central heating. Electric light. Bailiff's house. 3 cottages. Farm buildings and **137 ACRES** nicely shaded land. **£7,000.** (S.5624.)

DART VALLEY. Old Manor House in sheltered spot. 4 reception, 10 bed, 2 bathrooms. Main electricity. Farmery. 2 cottages and **132 ACRES**, bounded by stream running into the Dart. **£6,000.** (E.6177.)

**EMINENTLY SUITABLE FOR
SCHOOL OR RESIDENCE.** Occupying choice position on Southern Slope with glorious views, 9 miles Hereford. Charming Stone-built Manor House in superb setting. 3 reception, 15 bed, 3 bathrooms. Gardens, Orchards, undulating Pastures and Woodland, extending to about **25 ACRES**. Ample garage and stabling, with excellent flat over. Just inspected and recommended. **£5,000 FREEHOLD.** (C.4086.)

**ATTRACTIVE ARCHITECT
DESIGNED SMALL COUNTRY
RESIDENCE** in secluded position, with woodland panoramas. Within half a mile of Oxted Station. 3 reception rooms, cloakroom, 6/7 bedrooms, bathroom. Delightful Terraced Flower and Vegetable Gardens on Southern Slope, with Tennis and other Lawns, extending to about **1½ ACRES**, bounded by a stream. All main services. Garage and A.R. shelter. Owner! Reluctantly leaving owing to health breakdown. **FREEHOLD £3,950.** (C.4096.)

WYE VALLEY. 10 miles from Ross. Superb Georgian House, beautifully placed. 3 reception, billiard, 8 bed (basins h. & c. in all), 4 bathrooms. Main electricity. Very charming terraced gardens. Wonderful buildings for milk, horses, etc. 3 cottages and **160 ACRES** rich red loam (200 acres more probably available). A choice place at **£15,000.** (E.6196.)

MELTON MOWBRAY, 3 miles. Fine Modern House. 4 reception, billiard, 7 bed and bathroom. With all main services, and 1½ acres beautifully timbered grounds, together with 2 well let farms of **96 and 35 ACRES.** No tithe. Possession of house offered. **PRICE £13,750,** or house alone, **£3,000.** (E.6158.)

ESTATE

HARRODS

OFFICES

Phone: Kens. 1490.
Grams: "Estate,
Harrods, London."

KNIGHTSBRIDGE HOUSE
62/64, BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.1

West Byfleet,
and Haslemere
Offices.

SHERBORNE AND STALBRIDGE

1 mile two villages, 5 miles Educational Town and main line station.

c.2

COMFORTABLE RESIDENCE
OF THE GEORGIAN TYPE

*a superb setting, facing due South, with a
glorious panoramic view over three counties.*

reception, 8 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, maids'
ting room. Fitted basins in all bedrooms.

Central heating throughout.

Garage. Stabling. Fine outbuildings.

Cottage for gardener.



WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS,
SHADY LAWNS,
PROLIFIC KITCHEN GARDEN,
AN OAK WOOD AND 4 PASTURE FIELDS,
IN ALL
ABOUT 56 ACRES
FREEHOLD £5,950
A BARGAIN

Inspected and Recommended by the Sole Agents—HARRODS LTD., 62/64, Brompton Road, London, S.W.1. (Tele.: Kensington 1490, Extn. 809.)

ESHER

c.4

*Within a few minutes from commons and thousands of acres of open commons. Within
walking distance of Station.*



A DELIGHTFUL COTTAGE-STYLE RESIDENCE

With lounge hall, panelled dining room, and studio, oak-beamed lounge, 6 or 7
bedrooms (fitted lavatory basins, h. & c.), 2 bathrooms, complete offices, with servants'
hall. Electric light and power. Main drainage. Co.'s water. Good double garage.
INEXPENSIVE GROUNDS WITH LAWN, ROSE GARDEN, KITCHEN GARDEN,
IN ALL

1 ACRE. ONLY £5,000. EARLY POSSESSION

HARRODS LTD., 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1. (Tele.: Kensington 1490, Extn. 806.)

CONVENIENT TO KENTISH
COMMONLANDS

c.3

*In a favourite residential locality, accessible to station and bus service. About 30 minutes
from Town.*



ARTISTIC RESIDENCE

3 reception, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom. Electric light, radiators. Modern
conveniences. Double garage.

WELL MATURED GARDEN WITH FLOWER BEDS, FRUIT TREES, ETC.

GREAT BARGAIN. PRICE £2,500.

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OXON AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE BORDERS

c.4

In the beautiful Stone-on-the-Wold and Burford district.

GENUINE OLD
COTSWOLD
STONE-BUILT
FARMHOUSE

Outer and inner halls, 3 reception
rooms, 8 bed and dressing rooms,
2 bathrooms, complete offices.

Good water. Co.'s electric light and
power. Independent hot water.

Delightful old Barn, converted into
garage for 3 cars. 2 cottages and small
Home Farm.



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INEXPENSIVE
GROUNDS

WITH HARD TENNIS COURT,
WELL-STOCKED KITCHEN
GARDEN, TOGETHER WITH
RICH PARK-LIKE
PASTURELAND

IN ALL ABOUT
80 ACRES

(AT PRESENT LET)

ONLY £7,000 FREEHOLD
IMMEDIATE POSSESSION

MAIDENHEAD

c.2

*Situate in a pleasant and quietly retired position. Convenient for local transport and
railway station.*

DETACHED AND
COMFORTABLE
RESIDENCE

3 reception, 6 bedrooms,
bathroom.

Main water, gas and
electricity.

GARAGE.

HEATED GREENHOUSE.

Matured gardens and
grounds of

ABOUT 1¼ ACRES

FREEHOLD. 3,000 GNS.

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NEAR ROSS-ON-WYE

c.3

GLORIOUS VIEWS

CHARMING XVIIth
CENTURY
RESIDENCE

IN EXCELLENT CONDI-
TION. STONE-BUILT,
WITH EXPOSED BEAMS.
2 reception, sun porch,
4 bedrooms, bathroom.

Modern drainage, soft and
spring water, electric light,
2 garages.

Lovely garden, kitchen garden
with orchard, paddock, in all

ABOUT 3 ACRES



MODERATE PRICE FREEHOLD FOR QUICK SALE

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BOURNEMOUTH:
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BRIGHTON:
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IN AN UNSPOILED HAMPSHIRE VILLAGE

BETWEEN FORDINGBRIDGE AND RINGWOOD

Occupying a delightful secluded position away from main road traffic.

TO BE SOLD
THIS PICTURESQUE
XVIIth CENTURY
SMALL THATCHED
COUNTRY RESIDENCE
 recently the subject of considerable expense and now in perfect condition throughout and possessing all modern conveniences.

The accommodation comprises:
4 BEDROOMS
 (2 with wash basins)
BATHROOM.
LOUNGE. DINING ROOM.
 (both with oak beamed ceilings and brick fireplaces).



NURSERY.
KITCHEN AND OFFICES.
Aga cooker.
Companies' Electric Light and Water.
Oak Staircase of Saxon design.

GARAGE.
 3 Loose Boxes. Outbuildings.
THE GARDENS AND GROUNDS
 are in good order, and include orchard, kitchen garden, pleasure gardens, with flower beds and rockeries, large paddock. The whole extending to an area of about

3 ACRES
PRICE £2,600 FREEHOLD

For particulars and order to view, apply Fox & Sons, Land Agents, Bournemouth.

SUSSEX

2 Miles from Billingshurst, 7 miles from Horsham, 15 miles from Worthing.

HUNTING WITH 2 PACKS. IN PERFECT CONDITION THROUGHOUT. FACING DUE SOUTH.

FOR SALE—A CHARMING RESIDENCE

nicely secluded and approached by a drive about 100 yards in length.
 7 bedrooms, 2 large panelled bathrooms, delightful lounge 24ft. 9ins. by 14ft.; dining room, 21ft. 6ins. by 16ft.; study, cloakroom, kitchen and good offices, Maids' sitting room. Aga cooker, Ideal boiler. Central heating throughout. Electric light. Main water. Garage for 3 cars. Good range of buildings.
 Compact delightful garden with tennis court, kitchen garden, etc., the whole extending to about

30 ACRES
PRICE £6,500 FREEHOLD FOR THE WHOLE

THE HOUSE AND GARDEN OF ABOUT 4 ACRES WOULD BE SOLD SEPARATELY FOR £5,500 IF DESIRED.

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DORSET

Within easy reach of Bournemouth and Dorchester.

VALUABLE FISHING RIGHTS OF ABOUT 1½ MILES

FROM EITHER BANK OF ONE OF THE BEST STRETCHES OF NATURAL DRY FLY FISHING IN THE SOUTH OF ENGLAND.

GOOD TROUT AND A CERTAIN NUMBER OF SALMON.

RENT £200 PER ANNUM

ALSO 850 ACRES

EXCEPTIONALLY GOOD SHOOTING: WILD FOWL, SNIPES, WOODCOCK, PIGEONS AND RABBITS.

RENT £150 PER ANNUM

THE FISHING AND SHOOTING WOULD BE LET TOGETHER AT A RENTAL OF £300 PER ANNUM.

Fox & Sons, Land Agents, Bournemouth.

HAMPSHIRE

Close to a Market Town on the fringe of the beautiful New Forest.

SOUNDLY CONSTRUCTED OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE

POSSESSING ALL MODERN COMFORTS AND CONVENIENCES.

5 bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom, 4 reception rooms, kitchen and offices.

Electric light. Company's water and gas. Main drainage. Hot and cold water in 2 bedrooms.

GARAGE. STABLE. GREENHOUSE.

THE GARDENS AND GROUNDS INCLUDE LAWN, FLOWER AND KITCHEN GARDENS, ORCHARD AND GRASSLAND, AND EXTEND TO AN AREA OF

ABOUT 2 ACRES
PRICE £2,200 FREEHOLD.
 (OR NEAR OFFER)

Apply to—Fox & Sons, 44-52, Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth, for order to view.

SHROPSHIRE

2½ miles from Onestry on Main Line of G.W. Railway.

HUNTING WITH 2 PACKS. SALMON AND TROUT FISHING AVAILABLE.

VALUABLE SMALL RESIDENTIAL AND AGRICULTURAL ESTATE
WITH PART GEORGIAN RESIDENCE

Containing 8 principal bedrooms, servants' bedrooms, 4 bathrooms (one with shower), 3 reception rooms, hall, gun room, servants' hall, kitchen and offices.

MAIN ELECTRICITY AND WATER, STABLING, GARAGE FOR 5 CARS, DAIRY.

2 TENNIS COURTS, GOOD GARDEN, WOODLAND, HEATED VINERY, PEACH HOUSE.

HOME FARM WITH EXCELLENT BLACK AND WHITE FARMHOUSE, COW HOUSES FOR 22 COWS, BULL SHED, CALVING BOX, GOOD PIG STYES

6-BAY DUTCH BARN, CART STABLE FOR THREE, 3 COTTAGES, NUMBER OF OTHER USEFUL OUTBUILDINGS.

THE WHOLE EXTENDS TO AN AREA OF ABOUT

230 ACRES

ALL THE FIELDS ARE WATERED BY STREAMS OR AUTOMATIC TANKS.

For particulars apply Fox & Sons, Land Agents, Bournemouth.

DORSET

Commanding extensive views over the Stour Valley. About ¾ mile from an interesting old Market Town.

TO BE LET UNFURNISHED
THIS CHARMING
RESIDENCE

OF A SPECIAL AND ATTRACTIVE CHARACTER, HAVING SOUTH ASPECT AND PROTECTED BY HIGH GROUND ON THE NORTH AND EAST SIDES.

7 principal bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, attic bedrooms, 4 reception rooms, cloak room, kitchen and ample domestic offices.



Aga cooker. Ideal stove. Central heating. Company's electricity and water.

Modern bungalow. Garage. Stabling. Greenhouse. Cow stalls.

Delightful ornamental grounds with good kitchen garden, woodland and pasture land, the whole extending to an area of about

11 ACRES
RENT £350 PER ANNUM

For further particulars apply Fox & Sons, Land Agents, Bournemouth

FOX & SONS, HEAD OFFICE, 44-52, OLD CHRISTCHURCH ROAD, BOURNEMOUTH. (11 BRANCH OFFICES)



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The letters M.P.S. stand for "Member of the Pharmaceutical Society" and signify that the holder is a registered, qualified chemist. The qualified chemist occupies an important place in the scheme of maintaining the nation's health. Your doctor relies upon him to dispense his prescriptions accurately. He is recognized as an authority on drugs and toilet preparations and, as such, his opinion is worth attention.

He recommends the toothpaste with a definite germicidal power:—

Euthymol
TOOTH PASTE



DOGS
always
PREFER
SPELLERS
SHAPES

STOP THAT COLD WITH
VAPEX
A LITTLE GOES A LONG WAY

KEATING'S
KILLS
FLEAS BUGS
BEETLES
MOTHS
CARTOLS
6d. and 1/-
USE IT ON ALL
PETS and POULTRY
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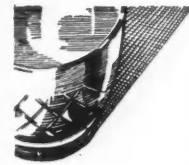
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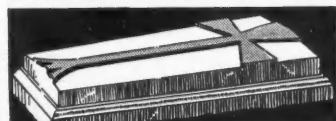
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COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. XCI. No. 2365

MAY 15, 1942



Harlip

MRS. ROBERT RYDER

Mrs. Ryder is the daughter of the Rev. Lumley and Mrs. Green-Wilkinson of Lovel Hill, Windsor Forest, and the wife of Commander R. E. D. Ryder, R.N., who commanded the Naval Forces in the raid on St. Nazaire

COUNTRY LIFE

EDITORIAL OFFICES:

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W.C.2.

Telegrams: Country Life, London.
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REORGANISED OWNERSHIP?

MR. L. F. EASTERBROOK recently discussed at a luncheon meeting of the Town and Country Planning Association the post-war planning of agriculture, and the various proposals put forward for replacing the present system of land-owning and agricultural control by something more drastic and efficient. We shall be ourselves debating these very matters in the course of a few weeks in the Forum provided by a series of articles from experts on agricultural policy. Meanwhile it is interesting to find Mr. Easterbrook suggesting that, before emptying out the baby with the bath water and abolishing land-ownership because our pre-war efforts to strangle it so nearly succeeded, we might find out first whether it could not be made to work. Could we not, he asks, try to revive the profession of land-owning just as we are now reviving the profession of farming? Landowners might be called upon, he suggests, to try out new schemes of reorganisation. We cannot afford inefficient owners any more than inefficient farmers, and landowners unable or unwilling to co-operate would have to be replaced by others, just as inefficient tenant farmers are now dispossessed of land where they perform little or no useful function. On the other hand, efficient owners would be given security. Death duties, for instance, would not be demanded on the money they invested in these enterprises of reconstruction. As for control, there would have to be a central Land Commission for the whole country. It might be, in Mr. Easterbrook's opinion, responsible to Parliament through the Minister of Agriculture, and would administer the whole scheme and evict owners who were "merely rent-receivers or winged-game hunters."

Mr. Easterbrook, in fact, envisages the return of the landowner to the ancient business of acting as general improver of his estates and partner with his farmers in solving the twin problems of fertility and production. He once exercised over his land the same kind—almost the same degree—of control as the war executive committees exercise to-day. His control of cropping was taken away from him, and crushing peace-time taxation deprived him of the financial resources necessary for proper maintenance, development and improvement. Whoever comes to control the land after the war, these things will have to be handed back to them just as they have been temporarily handed over during this emergency to the war executive committees. Why, asks Mr. Easterbrook, should they not be returned when the war is over to the landowners themselves? We will not prejudice this issue, but the

suggestion certainly contains much food for thought. If such a plan were to be tried, it would no doubt be best worked out by the owners themselves, for it is they who would have to put it into execution.

THE CATTLE PANEL

IT is now definitely announced that the long-expected scheme of health insurance for dairy herds will come into operation at the beginning of next month. During the long period of its incubation (due, no doubt, to the variety of interests concerned) the national importance of this scheme has grown with that of the milk supply. Milk production next winter will depend on the number of cows which have been got in calf during the past winter months, and the yield of every herd in which disease exists will be correspondingly decreased by sterility and abortion. Such losses are estimated to amount annually to 50,000,000 gallons and to cost the country something like £17,000,000. Recent advances in scientific knowledge and veterinary practice make the diseases concerned controllable—and perhaps ultimately eradicable—provided diagnosis is prompt and treatment scientific and continuous. Systematic diagnosis with materials and facilities for regular treatment are the chief advantages offered. It will still be the farmer's job to act on skilled advice and to go on carrying out instructions. If the scheme is to succeed in stamping out the diseases it must be adopted generally and pursued systematically. Many people think it might have been made compulsory. Even as things are, however, 30,000 herds are expected to be registered in the first year, which means half a million head of stock. The standard charges arranged by the Ministry and the N.V.M.A. are reasonable, and the scheme will provide the farmer whose losses from disease may be large with an excellent investment. To others it is a prudent insurance. But, if individual farmers take the scheme half-heartedly and soon drop it as "not worth while" because they feel themselves "lucky enough to get on without it," naturally it will fail. To kill it now by such self-satisfied indifference would be a crime.

TO MOUSER ON THE HEARTHTRUG

*My poor little cat, my black little cat,
Whatever shall we do?
Your fathers slept in jungle caves,
And so should you.*

*Among the dark and creepery trees
They prowled with predatory ease;
They slipped between their unawares,
As you among the frills of chairs.*

*Low on the hearth by which you lie
I place, to warm, a rabbit pie,
For laggard guests, to warm it through,
But, Mouser, Mouser, not for you.*

*O, do not wake without a cause
And stretch your black abandoned paws,
And open eyes of agate clear;
Your whiskered nose is far too near.*

*And slump I fling you out of doors,
My panther queen of blackamoors!
How can you bear domestic ways,
Whose parents saw such savage days?*

*My poor little cat, my black little cat,
Whatever shall we do?
Your fathers slept in jungle caves,
And so should you.*

FRANCES CORNFORD.

AGRICULTURAL DIPLOMACY

THE name of Professor Scott-Watson, who has just been appointed as "agricultural attaché" at the British Embassy in Washington, is well known to readers of COUNTRY LIFE, who will wish him success in his new post. We have never had an "agricultural" diplomatist anywhere before (though America has had an agricultural attaché in London), and the appointment shows that it is realised in high quarters how important a part agriculture must play in the post-war settlement. Professor Scott-Watson is no stranger to the United States and will find himself as welcome there as in Canada, where he is to advise our High Commissioner.

His views on agricultural co-operation are well known, and one of his chief functions will obviously be to secure unity of purpose and action between Britain, Canada and the States. The necessity for a co-operative rather than a competitive attitude towards food production questions is widely recognised in America, and the more understanding of mutual and individual problems that can be brought about on either side of the Atlantic the better. The new attaché seems admirably chosen for the purpose.

RETURN OF THE STAGE-COACH

LORD ADARE is reported to be running a stage-coach between Limerick and Aare, and if it is a commercial success it is said that other coaches will take the road in Ireland—where private motoring is now illegal. Both Pickwickians and those faced with losing their "basic" in July will be hoping that their local peer or member of the Coaching Club may follow Lord Adare's enterprise in this country. There are ducal stables still containing an enticing variety of vehicles. Not long ago Lady Ursula Stewart described here the carriages of the "Coachman" Earl of Shrewsbury preserved at Ingestre. He founded the first ("Shrewsbury and Talbot") cab company, and regularly drove a coach between Buxton and Alton Towers in the 'eighties. Those coaches must be somewhere, and we know that that stable, which held '52 horses, can produce a racing 'bus, a Tee cart, a Russian phaeton, several varieties of curricule, and many another smart (if now tarnished) turn-out. Yet it is not only to their old nobility that the people must turn in their predicament. In out-of-the-way districts there still surely survive plebeian brakes and the original horse charrs-à-bancs such as were running (even if they are not again) in the Lake District. But it is to be feared that this return to coaching will be held up in England not for lack of wheels but for lack of corn. The most high-mettled racers induced to go between shafts will keep up little pace when full of grass, nor keep that little long.

CONVERSION OF OLD WOODLAND

AN effective new implement from Australia was demonstrated at Rothamsted recently, for breaking up ground for cultivation after clearing from woodland or scrub. It is called the stump-jump plough and consists of a number of discs pressed down into the ground by springs so that they jump over, without catching in, submerged roots too strong for them to cut through or destroy, and re-enter the soil on the far side. The implement is not at present in general supply; indeed, the particular one used at Rothamsted is thought to be the only one in the country. In view of the present need for reclaiming large areas of this kind, it should be possible to make the stump-jump available, particularly for county agricultural committees which are in a position to keep a number of them continuously at work.

PAPER IN ITS PLACE

THE appeal to save used paper, and the penalties imposed for wasting it, have produced, in addition to good results in the way of salvage, another most excellent thing. This is the disappearance of a great quantity of unsightly rubbish from our roadsides and other places frequented by the public. A certain hilltop where motorists were accustomed to draw up, park their cars, and admire a marvellous view over many counties, was in pre-war days disfigured the summer through by a disgraceful litter of paper in all shapes and forms. Absence of petrol now keeps many of the visitors away, but Sundays and other holidays still find strenuous bicyclists cooling their heated brows on the summit. But of one scrap of rubbish now defiles the hilltop. Cannot we look ahead and do a little post-war planning? Cannot we ensure that paper shall never again befoul places like these? We have at last become paper conscious. Let us preserve that paper consciousness, and in the future, when paper is once more plentiful, let us keep it in its place, in our pockets and not thrown idly about the countryside.

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES . . .

By

Major C. S. JARVIS

FROM time to time one reads angry comments in articles and in the correspondence columns on the pernicious policy of placing full-grown stew-pond fish into a trout river to maintain the stock, and the introducing an artificial atmosphere in what should be an entirely natural sport. There is the belief also that, besides this unhappy instance, the importation of other fish tends to spoil the angling for the indigenous trout, and I imagine the sudden influx of several hundred evacuees must upset the general alignment of feeding stands, for as every fisherman knows, the best spots for an accumulation of floating flies are invariably occupied by the same big fish. It must cause a considerable amount of annoyance and confusion when a heavy resident trout moves out to his stand at the beginning of a hatch of fly, and finds in his reserved place a total stranger of considerable bulk, who has been living on regular meals of horse-flesh for three years and has no table manners at all. It is quite possible the native trout is so annoyed about it that he mutters to himself: "I'll get even with them over this—I'll feed on the bottom for the rest of the season."

* * *

DRY-FLY purists of the old school tell the malicious story that on a certain stretch of a certain river, rented by a syndicate of wealthy City men, 150 3-lb. trout are put in the water every Thursday evening for the week-end activities, and, if every one of these has not been landed by Sunday night, the river keeper sends a watcher down the stream and calls in an accountant to check his figures. This is doubtless an exaggeration, but there is no doubt that maintenance of stock is, or was, becoming more and more artificial every year. The reason for this is that some 35 years ago a trout fisherman was something of a rarity, but nowadays practically every other man fishes if he gets the chance, and a large number of these are prepared to spend a considerable sum every season on their sport. As a result of adding these comparatively new recruits to the angling fraternity, there is not nearly enough natural trout water within reasonable reach of the big towns to satisfy the requirements of everybody, and so recourse is made to the stew-pond fish. The explanation of the popularity of fishing to-day as compared with some 25 years ago is, I presume, the motor car, which enables the angler to be on his beat in about 20 minutes easy running instead of two hours' stiff pedalling on a push bicycle.

* * *

WHATEVER may be the arguments against stew-pond fish in the Test, Itchen, Kennet and other well-known dry-fly waters, it cannot apply to all rivers, particularly the lower reaches of the Hampshire Avon, where the indigenous trout, except for a few hardy musters which take the surface insect only during the may-fly season, is practically nonexistent, and normally the water is occupied only by pike and various coarse fish. For several years now the Earl of Normanton has been netting and trapping his long stretch of water at Somerley, and putting in every spring several thousand trout somewhere between 2 lb. and 4 lb. The fishing is, of course, not quite the same as that for the ordinary wild *fario*, but it is decidedly better than nothing, especially as the somewhat confiding tactics of the trout favour the rod—and in these days when fish



E. W. Tattersall

THE COTTAGE BY THE PUMP: CUDDINGTON, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

is so scarce, angling is no longer a pastime but a necessity.

A very striking instance of the confiding nature of these fish occurred last season when I saw a large trout rising in a spot where the surface of the water was like glass, and where one's gut inevitably looks like a 4-in. rope. Thinking that only a super cast thrown with unerring skill would tempt a monster of this description in this difficult setting, I put all I knew into it. As is so often the case, when one takes more trouble than usual, the cast was deplorable in every way. I missed the exact spot by a yard or more, the gut hit the water with a splash and then coiled and croquet-hooped, and the fly sank—an exhibition of bad fishing that would have put any wild trout to the bottom for the rest of the day. It did not, however, knock a scale off my friend. He surged obligingly out of his stance, ignored the coiled gut, and took the fly with a confidence that was most disarming, but here the difference from ordinary fishing ended, for the fight he put up was altogether creditable, and if anything more vigorous than that of an indigenous trout.

* * *

FOR some 20 years I had been dreaming in other lands of English springs, of "the elm tree's bole in tiny leaf," and all the other manifestations of April as envisaged by Browning from a warm spot in Italy, becoming extremely homesick in the process. When I came home for good, however, people told me that April was not at all like that, and was, in fact, the nastiest month of the year with either bitter frosts at night, or driving rain with hail squalls; and so it was for the first five years after my return.

This year, however, April played the part with which she is credited and Browning is vindicated, for a month such as we have had is a month to remember. When one sees the delicate pale green of the birch and elm rapidly taking on a deeper shade and blotting out the blue sky background and the raisin-red branch tracery with denser foliage, and the daffodils, cowslips and primroses fading all too quickly, one agrees with old Omar's "Alas! that spring should vanish with the rose," though my one experience of a Persian spring with its hot winds from the south, suggests that no one would regret its passing.

* * *

ALL the spring migrants arrived well on time this year. The chiff-chaff, with his incessant high complaint, was very much in evidence during the first days of last month; I saw the first flight of swallows on the evening of the 11th, while waiting for pea-eating pigeons, but these birds were still hurrying on their journey northwards and our residents

were not at work over the garden until the 18th; the Sand martens were two days behind the swallows; while those local migrants, the linnets, with new rosy crests, have taken up their old breeding quarters in the Forest gorse. I have an idea that April 11 is a recognised date for the first swallow, but I never enter for the first swallow and first cuckoo competitions, as I am most unreliable about dates, and, as for the cuckoo, being deaf, I never hear him, which I am told is something in the nature of a blessing at times.

One of the most unpleasing songs of the spring chorus is the Great tit's saw-sharpening effort, and the chiff-chaff also gets on one's nerves at times, but I shall never forget a Sedge warbler, which occupied a willow grove that separated our garden in Dorset from the road. He was a very light sleeper, and at all hours of the day and night he burst into his angry chit-chat-chatter whenever a pedestrian, bicycle or cart passed. Sometimes in desperation I would hurl a stone into the trees and this was disastrous, as it merely had the effect of irritating the bird to louder and longer efforts, and causing all the Sedge warblers along a half-mile front to open up with drum-fire.

* * *

I RECEIVED a letter recently from a member of the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force serving on the Libyan front, describing a bird which his armoured column flushed frequently—usually in pairs—on the high desert between Sollum and Tobruk. He described it as a sort of plover, with legs so thin, stilt-like and pale-coloured that they could hardly be seen, and the bird in consequence appeared to be skimming along in the air about four or five inches from the ground. No one in his particular unit had ever seen the bird before, and he asked me if I could identify it from his description.

In due course—and due course these days means a very long time—he no doubt obtained his copy of COUNTRY LIFE, and read in the issue of December 26 a letter from a Somerset correspondent describing a rare visitant he had seen on the golf course at Minehead towards the end of September. This happens to be the same variety of bird, which has been running agitatedly in front of his and other advancing columns in Libya, and is the Cream-coloured courser, which spends the winter south of the Sahara and comes up to the coastal belt all along the North African shores to breed. As the courser finds the Libyan desert too cold and inhospitable in the winter months, it is difficult to understand what had caused this solitary specimen to travel north to the English coast when he should have been heading in the opposite direction.

THE SNOWDON HORSESHOE

ONE OF THE FINEST RIDGE EXPEDITIONS IN BRITAIN

Described and Illustrated by
W. A. POUCHER



CRIB-GOCH, THE FIRST PEAK TO BE CONQUERED ON THE SNOWDON HORSESHOE



LLIWEDD AND LLYN LLYDAW FROM CRIB-GOCH

THE Snowdon Horseshoe provides what is probably the finest ridge expedition in Britain. The usual starting point is over 1,000ft. in altitude, but in spite of this the circuit involves about 6,000ft. of climbing. The map distance is about $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and six hours is required for the walk based upon a start and finish at Pen-y-Pass.

The Snowdon Horseshoe includes four well-defined peaks—Crib-goch, Carnedd Ugain, Y Wyddfa and Lliwedd. They are joined by pendant ridges which encircle the horizon when seen from below, and enclose Cwm Dyli, on whose rocky bosom rest the two lakes Glaslyn and Llyn Llydaw. From the eastern shore of the latter the entire magnificent Horseshoe is visible on a clear day.

The most striking feature in this immense sweep of precipitous cliffs and jutting bastions is Snowdon itself, whose riven face is tossed skywards and crowned by a shapely pyramid, now happily bereft of the tin sheds which once marred its summit. It occupies the central position of the Horseshoe and on the south falls in an unbroken line to Bwlch-y-Saethau, where the Cribin throws down a short *arête* to Glaslyn, hidden in a rocky recess at the foot of its eastern face. On the north side its gentler slopes end at the cairn standing at the top of the zig-zags which terminate the Pig Track.

A DIZZY DESCENT

To the south of Llyn Llydaw an undulating grassy spur rises to the skyline on the left of Lliwedd, where the great slabs covering the northern aspect of this peak descend nearly a thousand feet at a dizzy angle to end in scree, which drops down to the lake far below. Beyond, the ridge sweeps round to the west and displays a shattered front of grim beetling crags.

To the north of Llyn Llydaw, Crib-goch towers into the sky, its red cliffs contrasting strangely with the more sombre shades of the sunless face of Lliwedd across the lake and softened at its base by the emerald green of its wind-worn grassy slopes. The undulations in the ridge running to the west towards Crib-y-ddysgyl are not clearly seen from this viewpoint, and the foreshortened aspect of Carnedd Ugain gives no real conception of its magnitude. Beyond, the ridge merges with that of Y Wyddfa at the summit of the Pig Track.

On my first acquaintance with Cwm Dyli—late on a Good Friday afternoon—a dense curtain of low cloud hung over the Snowdon group. A sharp breeze was blowing from the west with vapour evidently condensing on the hills nearer the Atlantic. In contrast with this forbidding aspect, the landscape a few miles to the east was bathed in sunshine. As I approached Llyn Llydaw the gloom increased and the cart track seemed to disappear into the mouth of a gigantic tunnel. The lake was of leaden hue, while cloud masses poured over Bwlch-y-Saethau and wreaths of mist rolled along the flanks of Lliwedd and Crib-goch.

I sat down on one of the hillocks near the outlet of Llyn Llydaw and my disappointment was soon turned to gladness when a shaft of low sunlight appeared over the Pass of the Arrows and cast its rays across the rippled surface of the water, touching everything in its path with a dull burnish of gold. It was only a momentary glimpse of one of nature's transformations in which the mystic lights revealed this wild Cwm in a marvellous mood.

On another occasion I walked to Llyn Llydaw on a clear evening when the great hollow was steeped in moonlight and the crest of the Horseshoe stood out clearly against a deep purple sky sprinkled with glittering stars. The moon rode high above the motionless waters of the lake, which reflected the jagged outline of the encircling cliffs, while a strange brooding silence wrapped the scene in deep mystery.

WHEN STORMS RAGE

The savage grandeur of Cwm Dyli is, however, more apparent during a storm when the raging elements metamorphose it into one of nature's primeval workshops. On one occasion I had almost completed the circuit of the Horseshoe and, after a severe buffeting on its crest, was descending the Lliwedd track. A high wind blew masses of black cloud from the sea across those great hills whose summits loomed grimly in the distance.

It began to rain before I reached Llyn Llydaw, and by the time I skirted its shore it was pelting down. The wind roared in wild anger, and, through the sheets of driving mist and rain, I could dimly perceive the majestic form of Snowdon. Cloud scudded overhead persistently, while the pitiless wind lashed the surface of the lake into a wild fermenting sea and flecked the shore with spongy masses of foam. The steep walls of the Cwm were seamed with torrents rushing madly down every gully to fling themselves finally into the rising waters of the lake.

Now I turn to the delights of the Horseshoe, traversed on a beautiful day in spring when the warm sun tempered the cool breezes from the north and fine clouds, floating in a sapphire sky, added an indescribable gaiety to the scene.

I left Pen-y-Pass early one morning, knowing I was the first that day to set foot on the well-worn track. I followed the Pig



FIRST HALF OF THE SNOWDON HORSESHOE FROM THE CAIRN ON CRIB-GOCH. The Pinnacles are in the left foreground with Snowdon beyond : Carnedd Ugain with Crib-y-ddysgyl in the centre : the Parson's Nose low down on the right

Track which leaves the road on the crest of the Llanberis Pass and, after a short scramble over the boulder-strewn slopes ahead, emerged on the grassy basin where an uninterrupted prospect of the lovely pyramid of Crib-goch cuts the skyline to the west. In front the eastern arete falls to Bwlch Moch, while on the right the northern arete follows a long unbroken line which ends in the steep cliffs of Dinas Mot. In the distance between the walls of the Llanberis Pass, the twin lakes shimmered in the early morning sunshine. Soon I was breasting the sharp rise below the Pig's Pass, and in a few moments I reached the col. Across the depths of Cwm Dyl the three peaks of Lliwedd rose into the sky with the sun just going off the face of the precipices. Far below, the green waters of Llyn Llydaw reflected the cloud galleons overhead. I left the Pig Track to climb the eastern arete, whose crags form a great rock staircase leading to the cairn which crowns the summit of Crib-goch, now sailing high above me in a dazzling azure sky.

There is so much sombre beauty spread out far below with the Llanberis Pass now like a thin tape threading the confines of a deep trench gusted by stony bastions and beyond, the wilderness of the Glyders forming the horizon. The twin lakes of



SECOND HALF OF THE HORSESHOE—LLIWEDD FROM THE SUMMIT OF SNOWDON
The Watkin Path can be seen far below

Capel Curig caught the light some five miles away to the east, where the sprawling bulk of Moel Siabod rose above them on the right.

From the summit of the pyramid of Crib-goch the eye is greeted in every direction by a lavish display of wild and savage grandeur. Imagine that you are standing by the cairn where the precipitous cliffs fall away at such a steep angle to the north, south and east that you are unable to follow their contours down for more than 50 or 60 ft. You feel poised in the sky, surrounded by vast space and illimitable distance, while to the west a narrow knife-edge ridge of rock joins your belvedere to the terrestrial sphere. The only sound intruding upon the strange silence is the eerie wind sobbing in the gullies below, while above the clouds now appear so near that it seems you can almost take them within your grasp.

Looking westwards, you follow the undulating line of this narrow crest on which you are standing as it bends slightly towards the pinnacles that seem to end your possible avenue

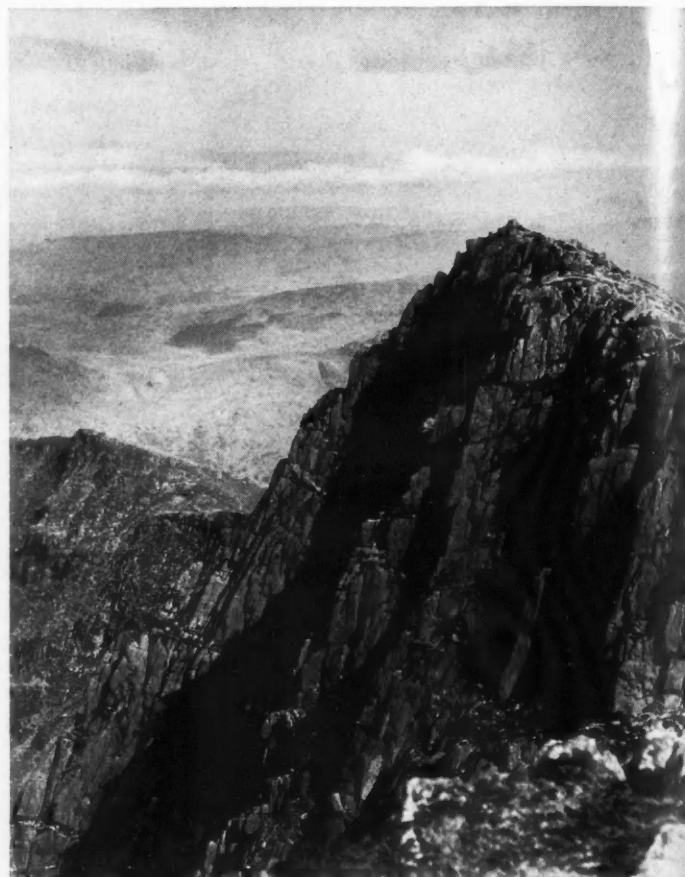
then descended at a decreasing angle covered by vast quantities of scree for some 700 ft. to the shelf enclosing Cwm Glas.

As I looked back from the highest point, the crest made a striking foreground to the extensive prospect of the Glyders, a few miles away to the north, while in front and slightly below me, the pinnacles projected from the ridge. Anyone with a steady head may climb over these reddish splintered needles with safety. The quickest traverse is to avoid the first, continue along a narrow ledge a few feet below the top of the second and, after stepping warily across a giddy recess, climb the rock staircase on to the third and so down to the col beyond. I followed this course and was soon treading the grassy slopes leading to the crest of Crib-y-ddysgyl. The path here is clear and well worn, progressing upwards at a gentle angle for about a mile to the summit of Carnedd Ugain. There are a pleasant scramble over the crags barring easy progress in the higher section of the ridge and good views on the left down

to be so fascinating as the cloud-bedecked landscape in the vicinity.

It is the ridges of the Snowdon group that are so captivating as they fall away gracefully from the summit in all directions and are backed on three sides by the other groups of hills which constitute Snowdonia.

Far below to the south I beheld the Watkin Path bending away across the southern slopes of Lliwedd to disappear into the obscurity of Cwm-y-Llan, while the beetling northern cliffs of this peak frowned down upon the empty solitudes of Cwm Dyli. In the middle distance the gently swelling hills were surmounted by the hazy outlines of Cnicht and the Moelwyns with the Arenigs farther away to the south-east. Over 2,000 ft. below to the east Lyn Llydaw presented a placid appearance, while across Nantgwynnant, Moel Siabod rose into the sky beyond. To the west the shattered face of Llechog formed a grim foreground to the softer undulations around Rhyd-ddu, where the path was led along the Nantlle valley to rest finally



THE GLYDERS AND LLYN LLYDAW FROM THE WEST PEAK OF LLIWEDD (Right).—EAST PEAK OF LLIWEDD

of escape. Beneath them on the right you observe a grassy continuation of the ridge which, as it rises again, becomes more craggy until it culminates in the summit of Carnedd Ugain; then, sweeping round gracefully to the left, it ends in the cone of Y Wyddfa.

Your gaze rests on this beautiful peak of Snowdon which from your lofty perch displays such lovely lines, with its eastern precipices falling to the blue-green waters of Glaslyn. Below you on the right, you look down into the vast abysmal depths of Cwm Glas, where the small crag-encircled lake glitters like an emerald at the foot of the Parson's Nose—a climbing venue of great popularity.

After lingering by the cairn for an hour I continued my walk along the ridge, the narrow part extending for some 400 ft. as far as the pinnacles. On passing the first rise, I descended a few feet on the left so that I could maintain my balance more easily by holding on to the jagged edge when necessary. Below me the precipitous cliffs swept down in an almost unbroken line to Llyn Llydaw some 1,600 ft. beneath, while to the north of the ridge they were nearly perpendicular for about 300 ft. and

into the basin enclosing Glaslyn, with Snowdon rising majestically above. On the right the shattered face of Clogwyn-y-Person drops down precipitously with a small lake cradled in solid rock near its base. To the north across the Llanberis Pass, Elidir-fawr rises into the sky at the western extremity of the Glyders.

It is but a short step from Carnedd Ugain to Y Wyddfa and in my view the least interesting section of the Horseshoe; for here the Pig Track emerges from the depths of Cwm Dyli by way of the zig-zags, where it is joined by the Llanberis path which follows the railway to the summit. Not a soul was in sight as I walked down the familiar slopes to the cairn at the top of the Pig Track. From this point the prospect of Snowdon is arresting because of the proximity of its gullied precipices with, beyond, a glimpse of Lliwedd, the angle of whose steep acclivities is most realistically seen.

The extensive panorama from Snowdon is magnificent on a clear day. On this occasion I could see Cader Idris standing out clearly about 30 miles away on the southern horizon, but I never consider these distant prospects

on the broad expanses of Carnarvon Bay. Above the sun shone brilliantly from a deep sapphire sky enhanced by cumulus cloud.

Late in the afternoon I took a direct line for Lliwedd, slipping and sliding down the 800 ft. of soft shaly scree, which brought me to Bwlch-y-Saethau. Now on firmer ground I kept close to the rugged undulating crest overlooking Cwm Dyli as I approached the West Peak of Lliwedd. Here I climbed up the edge of this great expanse of rock, where the fearsome slabs seem to drop sheer into the green waters of Llyn Llydaw far below. I was soon standing on the summit and gazing in rapture across the giddy depths of the Central Gully towards the East Peak, where the sun streamed down on its bewildering series of precipices and narrow grassy ledges. These sheer crags are the happy hunting-ground of the expert rock climber, and a maze of courses festoons the whole immense expanse of rock. I walked over to the West Peak and continued down the ridge to Lliwedd Bach. It was now getting very late and I hurried down the grassy escarpment towards Llyn Llydaw and so along the cart track to Pen-y-Pass.

DOGS WITHOUT A BARK

By A. CROXTON SMITH

It has been my good fortune to have an early private view of a large proportion of the foreign breeds of dogs that have become acclimatised in the course of the present century, their importers bringing them to ask my opinion about their chances of success. In some cases it has been necessary to tell my visitors that their dogs, having nothing distinctive about them, are not likely to attract the Thames on fire, and that in my opinion it would be wasting time and money to start a kennel of them. The fact that they are novelties is not in itself sufficient to rivet the attention of the public; they must have intrinsic merit, or some peculiarity that is arresting if this object is to be achieved.

When in 1936 Mrs. Burn, who lives near Canterbury, brought one of her first basenjis to introduce to me, I may not have felt as excited as

some watcher of the skies

When a new planet swims into his ken, but at least I realised that here was a breed with distinct possibilities, and as she unfolded to me a story full of interest and mentioned an idiosyncrasy of the dogs, I considered myself justified in giving her encouragement.

Their physical aspect was attractive and

eccentricity of theirs. The barkless dogs fired the journalistic imagination in such a way that they had an uncommonly good press as a send-off.

The manner in which Mrs. Burn made the dogs' acquaintance, the difficulties she had in persuading the natives to part with any and the obstacles that had to be overcome before they could be transported to Kent formed the framework of a romantic narrative.

In 1929 she went to Africa to visit her husband, who had an appointment in the Kwango district on the Kwillo River, a tributary of the mighty Congo many leagues from its mouth. To reach the coast, seven days had to be spent in a river steamer to Leopoldville and thence by train to Matadi, the port of embarkation. In this remote region Mrs. Burn discovered the native hunting dogs called basenjis, which may be translated as bush-things. Having exhibited fox terriers, she had an eye for form, and she was impressed by the uniformity of type and the smartness of the little creatures. Enquiries elicited the information that they were used for hunting, their noses being so keen that they would point game and bush fowl as far as 80 yards away.

The Kikongo hunt with bows and arrows and old flintlock guns, and in order to follow the whereabouts of the dogs they attach gourds to them containing small pebbles. It was not until the end of 1935 that Mrs. Burn was able to bring home three dogs and two bitches. One of the latter produced a litter of six puppies while in quarantine. A more expeditious and less cumbersome method of transport was discovered for those that followed at intervals, an aeroplane landing them at Croydon in 4½ days.

Some of Mrs. Burn's basenjis were obtained from a tribe at least 500 miles away from the locality in which she first met them, yet there is a generic resemblance running through all of them. What is more remarkable, the type appears through the Belgian and French Congo and practically the whole of Central Africa, even to the Lower Sudan.

As we look at them there is ample room for speculation concerning their origin. That dogs having similar characters existed in the Egypt of the Pharaohs is certain. Were those dogs



MRS. O. BURN'S BEREKE OF BLEAN

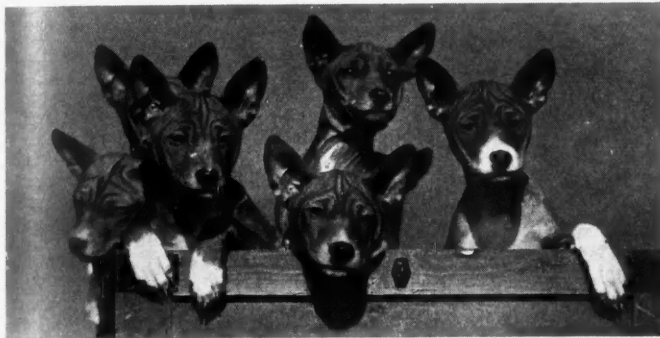
taken into Egypt from the Sudan as presents to the monarchs, or were the Egyptian animals driven further and further south until they survived only in regions that were inaccessible until quite modern times?

Seventy years ago, or rather more, Central Africa was beginning to yield up its secrets to white men. Soon after Speke had discovered the source of the Nile, Dr. Schweinfurth, a German explorer, spent three years in the heart of the continent and recorded his observations with meticulous care.

His descriptions of the dogs seen contain some remarks upon those belonging to the Niam-niam: "They belong to a small breed resembling the wolf-dog, but with short, sleek hair; they have ears that are large and always erect, and a short curly tail like that of a young pig. They are usually of a bright yellowish-tan colour, and very often have a white stripe upon the neck; their lanky muzzle projects somewhat abruptly from an arched forehead; their legs are short and straight. . . . They are made to wear little wooden bells round their necks, so that they should not be lost in the long steppe grass."

Captain M. G. Richards, who brought a basenji back with him from the Sudan, told me he had met an old chief who remembered Schweinfurth.

In the few years they have been here, basenjis have attracted so many admirers that when shows begin again, we may expect to see them launched upon a period of prosperity.



"EXPRESSIONS SO ALERT AND SENSIBLE"

distinctive, no other breed that we had being like them. Their red or black-and-tan coats relieved by white are pleasing. Their heads, puckered with wrinkles on the forehead and surmounted by erect ears, their clean, compact bodies, the tails carried in a curl over the back, and their short silky coats all make a *tout ensemble* that has a quality of its own. Above all, they stand well up on their toes all the time, and have expressions so alert and sensible that one cannot help falling in love with them. To complete the picture, they are of a handy size for anyone, being a little bigger than fox terriers, without being toyish.

As for their idiosyncrasy, that I saw at once would be sufficient to make them talked about as soon as they appeared in public—they do not bark. Of course, they are vocal to an extent, the sound they make being described by Miss V. Tudor-Williams as something between a chortle and a yodel, but it is not exacerbating to the nerves in any way. I shall be anxious to know if in the course of time, by contact with others that have the voices of their kind, they acquire the habit of barking.

When Mrs. Burn consulted me about the best means of raising her dogs known, the obvious advice was that she should enter them at the approaching Cruft's show, and the means of advertising them. I wrote a note in which mention was made of this



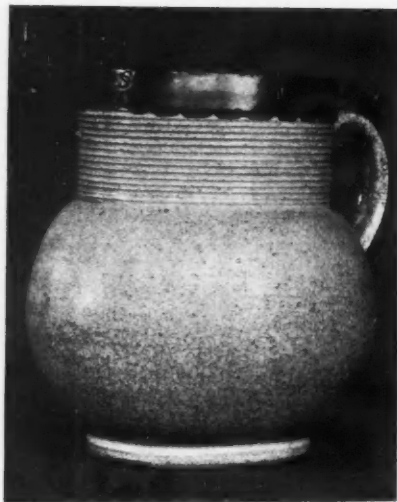
(Left) THE BASENJI'S SKIN IS ALMOST ELASTIC. (Right) KASI AND KWANGO OF THE CONGO, OWNED BY MISS V. TUDOR-WILLIAMS

T. Fall

English Pottery: New Quests in Old Fields—III

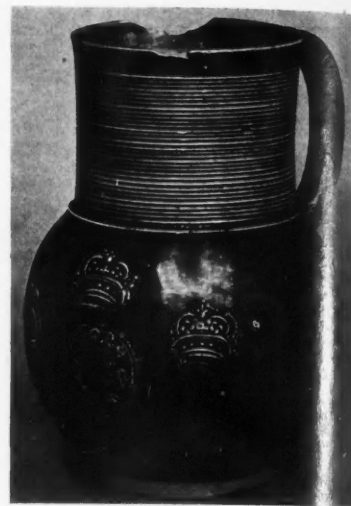
AN OXFORD GRADUATE AND HIS RIVALS

By BERNARD RACKHAM



1.—(Left) MUG, WHITE STONEWARE, WITH SILVER MOUNT, DATED 1682

Made by Dwight at Fulham. Victoria and Albert Museum (Schreiber Collection)



2.—(Right) MUG, BROWN STONEWARE, WITH CIPHER OF QUEEN ANNE

Staffordshire, early eighteenth century. British Museum

IN 1661 John Dwight, a Christ Church man, of Oxfordshire family, then newly-appointed secretary to Bishop Walton of Chester, took a B.C.L. degree in order to qualify for an appointment he was later to receive, that of Registrar of the Diocese. His career would probably have remained obscure if he had spent the rest of his life in performing the duties of this office, which he continued to hold under a succession of bishops; but, for some reason undivulged, during his residence at Chester or at Wigan (where he was living in 1670), the manufacture of pottery seems to have become the chief interest of his life. We may surmise that, during his Oxford days, association with men afterwards to become Fellows of the newly-founded Royal Society, with whom we know him later to have been acquainted, had already aroused in him a zeal for practical science. Be this as it may, the experiments he was making led to his removal to the neighbourhood of London and the erection at Fulham of a factory still in operation, in which to put his schemes into practice. In 1671 he took out a patent, and from that time the legal functionary became the manufacturing potter.

In securing his patent, Dwight had a twofold aim; he wished to compete with two foreign industries which were a challenge to English enterprise. In only one of these did he succeed. "Stoneware vulgarly called Cologne ware" he produced in several varieties (Fig. 1), but his nearest approach to "the mystery of transparent

earthenware, commonly known by the names of porcelaine or China ware," was a fine white stoneware, translucent where thin enough, in the composition of which calcined flints formed a part. His employment of flints was later to be exploited with remarkable results by Staffordshire potters, but nearly a century passed before the manufacture of true porcelain of the Chinese type was successfully accomplished in England.

Stoneware is earthenware fired to such a

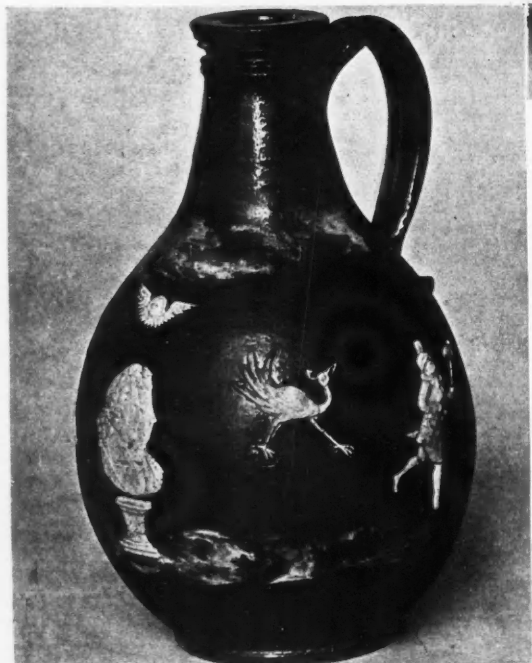
heat that it becomes partially vitrified and thus impervious to liquids; it is sometimes unglazed, but more often coated with a transparent glaze produced from the fumes of salt shovelled into the kiln, through openings made for the purpose, when a certain temperature has been reached. Pots of this kind were first made in Germany in the Middle Ages, and by the time of Queen Elizabeth they were being shipped in vast quantities from the Rhineland to England and other countries. It was this import trade which Dwight sought to combat.

The claim made by Dwight, in his patent, that these wares had "not hitherto been wrought or made" in England, was not true so far as the "Cologne" or stoneware is concerned. A petition by a merchant named Simpson, in 1581, for a licence to set up this manufacture in England, may perhaps have had no results, but there is strong evidence to show that a patent granted by Charles I in 1626 to Thomas Rous and Abraham Cullen, the one an Englishman of Dutch birth, the other Dutch but born in Norwich, took effect in a busy manufacture of stone bottles in London some time before Dwight turned his attention to potting. Certain it is that brown stoneware wine-bottles of the "greybeard" kind, of bulbous shape with small base and narrow neck, on the front of which is usually a grotesque mask applied in relief, are among the commonest relics of the seventeenth century; they are dug up by the score, unbroken because of their hardness, on inhabited sites in London and



3.—(Above) WINE-BOTTLE, WITH CIPHER OF CHARLES II

Made by Dwight at Fulham. Victoria and Albert Museum (Schreiber Collection)



4.—(Left) WINE-BOTTLE WITH APPLIED RELIEFS AND MARBLING

Made by Dwight. Fitzwilliam Museum



5.—(Right) DECANTER, BROWN STONEWARE Nottingham, dated 1702. Fitzwilliam Museum

many other places. That many, perhaps a majority, of them are Rhenish, there can be no doubt, but a good case has been made for the English origin of several specimens that can be assigned to a period before the date of Dwight's patent; among these may be mentioned the bottles in the Guildhall and Ashmolean Museums, made for the Cock Tavern, near Temple Bar.

To Dwight himself may be ascribed several bottles of the same form, which were found with other articles on the site of the Fulham Pottery in 1866; two of these are in the Schreiber Collection at South Kensington (Fig. 3); a third, with the double C under a crown of Charles II, belongs to the Hanley Museum. Much more interesting, however, than these common stone bottles are the examples occasionally found of other types of ware invented by the busy and ingenious brain of this enterprising man. In a second patent, taken out in 1684, Dwight claimed to be the inventor not only of the wares comprised by his earlier patent, but also of "white gorges, statues, and figures," of "marbled porcellane," and of "opacous, red, and dark-coloured porcellane." By red porcelain he seems to have meant the hard red ware commonly called Elers ware, used in making tea-services, which will be discussed in a later article. The dark and marbled varieties have been recognised in wine-bottles, cups and a punch-bowl of a rich dark brown stoneware, in some cases decorated with a belt of marbling in clays of several lighter colours. Their identification has been made almost certain by the fact that some of them carry applied reliefs in white—busts of William and Mary, grotesque birds and figures, sprays of blossom—some of which correspond with brass stamps now in the British Museum, that were found in the Fulham pottery.

The most distinguished of Dwight's inventions—and in this case there can be no question of his right to use that description—is his pure white stoneware. He employed it, as well as a dark brown body resembling bronze, for the most remarkable of all the works fired in his kilns—the "statues and figures" of his second patent (Fig. 6). Supreme among them is the famous bust in the British Museum, of Prince Rupert. Who the artist was that modelled them is a question perhaps never to be satisfactorily settled, raised by the curious statement of Dwight's contemporary, Dr. Plot, the naturalist, that he "caused" them "to be made"; but of their merit as works of art there can be no two opinions. They lie, however, a little aside from the field of pottery properly so called, which is



6.—PAIR OF SYMBOLICAL FIGURES, GREY STONEWARE
Made by Dwight at Fulham. Victoria and Albert Museum

the subject of these articles. In taking leave of Dwight we may note that although his productions are scarce and not easy to identify, they are still perhaps to be had by the discerning collector; it is not many years since a pair of his figures came to light that had previously lurked unknown and unsuspected.

That Dwight was not the only stoneware potter of his time in England has already been hinted, and is proved by the lawsuits by which he sought to restrain his rivals. Three of these were members of the Wedgwood family of Burslem, later to become so famous, and we now know that, long before the well-known white "saltglaze," brown stoneware was being made in Staffordshire. A lucky find of "wasters" at Burslem some years ago, datable to the reign of Queen Anne, gave a clue to their nature which has been cleverly followed up by Mr. W. B. Honey: he has shown, for instance, that a pleasantly-proportioned mug in the British Museum, with bronze-like glaze and cipher of the queen in relief, is an example of

this class (Fig. 2). But the manufacture of heavy brown stoneware in Staffordshire seems to have been of relatively short duration, and to have given place, early in the eighteenth century, to that of the finer white ware and the various kinds of improved lead-glaze ware which will be the subject of another article.

A defendant in one of Dwight's suits was James Morley, of Nottingham. The family to which he belonged continued throughout the eighteenth century to make, in that town, a stoneware peculiar for the beauty of its lustrous brown glaze, the distinction of many of its shapes, and the freedom of the ornament, very various in technique, with which it is decorated (Fig. 5). Somewhat similar wares were made also at more than one Derbyshire pottery, so that, in the absence of tell-tale inscriptions, which are fortunately not infrequent, certain identification is difficult. But the Nottingham type (Fig. 8) has great attractions, well worthy of the collector's acumen.

Of much humbler pretensions are the later stonewares of several potteries in the neighbourhood of London. They were made mostly for use in alehouses, and their solid proportions accord well with this purpose; in a tavern scene by Rowlandson they would be thoroughly in place. Like his drawings they have their virile merits, duly appreciated by the late John Drinkwater, who formed a great collection of them. Large bottles made to contain the Iron Pear Tree Water from Godstone in Surrey show that the potters catered also for the requirements of those who made a business of curing the ailments caused by the trade in stronger liquors. One of the best-known examples of this Metropolitan stoneware is the Banstead hare-courers' tankard dated 1729 in the Schreiber Collection (Fig. 7). This and others of its kind have generally been taken as representing the output of the Fulham Pottery under Dwight's successors; but the "wasters" and fragments of exactly similar pots, brought to light in quantity during recent excavations at Lambeth, seem to show that some, at least, of these vessels must be put to the credit of the many "brownstone potters" of whom Dr. F. W. Garner has found mention in Lambeth records.



7.—MUG WITH APPLIED RELIEFS, HARE-HUNT ON BANSTEAD DOWNS. Fulham or Lambeth, dated 1729. Victoria and Albert Museum (Schreiber Collection). 8.—(Right) ALE-JUG, BROWN STONEWARE. Nottingham, about 1770. Fitzwilliam Museum





1.—FROM THE FORD CROSSING THE WEY TO ALICE HOLT

The south front of the house across the hay meadows

MARELANDS, BENTLEY, HAMPSHIRE

THE HOME OF MRS. DOUGLAS JOY

An old house of rare charm on the fringe of Alice Holt, with memories of Gilbert White and the wicked Lord Stawell



2.—A "CHINESE CHIPPENDALE" PORCH

ATMOSPHERE, association, setting, colour, often give a house a distinction that cannot be claimed for it on grounds of architecture alone. But the camera's hard-boiled eye does not notice those evanescent qualities unless they are to some extent expressed in form or texture; it cannot, for instance, see ghosts. Readers with retentive memories will at this point exclaim: "Oh, can't it? What about the Grey Lady of Raynham?"—that astonishing photograph, published in *COUNTRY LIFE* nearly six years ago (December 26, 1936), of a shrouded diaphanous figure descending a staircase, which neither Mr. Harry Price nor any of the psychic experts could say was not an inexplicably genuine spirit-photograph secured by accident.

Not that there are any ghosts at Marelands. But this house, looking southwards across the Wey valley to Alice Holt Forest, has a bitter-sweet atmosphere about it, like old *pot-pourri*, which the photographs cannot wholly capture. That is no inapt comparison, for its colours are those of *pot-pourri*; old faded rose-brick on the side you approach up the long elm avenue (Fig. 4), soft greys tinged with pale golden brown in the southward front that gives on to the long terrace over the valley (Fig. 3). And there are memories about it, some charming, some sinister—some preserved in letters, others only by legend, which to the sensitive ear bring voices just perceptible above the sounds of the haymakers and the distant purling of the river in the meadows below.

One of the clearest voices is Gilbert White's, audible in the trickling of the fountain that issues constantly from the steep slope below the terrace (Fig. 5). In March, 1793, the old man made the journey from Selbourne to stay with his brother Benjamin, who had settled at Marelands. "The sweet peal of bells at Farnham," he says, "heard up the vale on a still evening, is a pleasant circumstance belonging to this situation. . . . There is a glade cut through the covert of the Holt opposite these windows up to the Great Lodge. To this opening a herd of deer often resorts, and contributes to enliven and diversify the prospect, in itself beautiful and engaging." Of the fountain itself, now included in the garden, he says, "the largest spring on my brother's farm issues out of the bank in the meadow,

just below the terrace. Somebody formerly was pleased with this fountain, and has, at no small expense, bestowed a facing of Portland stone with an arch, and a pipe, through which the water falls into a stone basin, in a perennial stream." This scene has changed little in the interval, except that the cedar must have been small in Benjamin White's time—perhaps he planted the two noble trees that stand one before each front of the house—and that flags, primulas, St. John's wort, and a yellow Scotch briar now cluster round and over the fountain.

When alterations were being made to the house in 1918, a visiting card of Gilbert White's was found under the drawing-room floor. When the old workman who had mentioned having found it was asked to produce it, he replied that of course he had put it back into the building, since "it is unlucky to take a thing away from the place where you find it"—a piece of Hampshire folklore as curious as the relic that it caused to be forever immured, and that would have appealed to the card's original owner.

Before Benjamin White acquired it in 1792 Marelands was the residence of a Mr. Sainsbury, "Agent to Lord Stawell, Lord Salisbury, the Marquis of Downshire, etc.,"



(Top) 3.—THE LONG TERRACE BELOW THE SOUTH FRONT OF THE HOUSE



(Left) 4.—A FARM-HOUSE WITH BRICKWORK THE COLOUR OF POT-POURRI, DAPPLED BY A CEDAR'S SHADE, FORMS THE ENTRANCE FRONT

(Below) 5.—"Somebody formerly was pleased with this fountain, and has bestowed a facing of Portland stone with an arch, and a pipe, through which the water falls into a stone basin, in a perennial stream."—Gilbert White.

and, Gilbert White tells us, uncle to one of Benjamin's daughters-in-law. This Mr. Sainsbury "dropped suddenly out of his chair and was dead in a moment, on the eve of his birthday, while his wife was preparing an elegant entertainment for his friends the day following." "Mr. S.," he adds, "was a man of excellent character and beloved by everybody."

This testimony is significant in connection with the traditions that associate an agent or steward of Lord Stawell's, living at Marelands, with the murder of his lordship's sister-in-law and illegitimate child in one of the rooms. The last Lord Stawell (of the earlier creation; on his death the barony was recreated in favour of his only daughter, died 1780, when it passed to her son Henry Stawell Bilson Legge, d.s.p. 1820) owned large properties in Hampshire and, as granted to Alice Holt, had the use of the lodge in the heart of the forest a mile opposite from Marelands. He has left a very unsavoury reputation in several places with which he was connected: in one of these his ghost, a most malevolent spirit, is said still to walk. Stawell, whom pictures show a man of





6.—ALICE HOLT AND WHITE'S CEDAR FROM THE TERRACE



7.—THE GREAT BARN

attractive appearance, had taken advantage of the lady's unwisely seeking his protection, and made her his mistress. The story goes that a "rat-faced steward" was his accomplice here in doing away with the mother and child, and, in 1918, the calcined bones of a child were found beneath the hearthstone in one of the ground-floor rooms. The description of the agent scarcely fits in with the character of Gilbert White's kinsman; but since Lord Stawell was born in 1689 and died 1755, the episode may well have occurred a good many years previously, and have involved a predecessor of Mr. Saintsbury's.

The dates of the house are not inconsistent with Marelands having been enlarged and elegantly fitted up for somebody about the middle of the eighteenth century. A three-storeyed south front, with an octagon at its centre, was then added on to a pretty two-storeyed brick farmhouse, which still forms the entrance front (Fig. 4), its *pot-pourri* brick dappled by the cedar's shade. A little later, probably about 1780, and if so, by Mr. Saintsbury, the west end of the house was also extended, the irregularly placed sash windows looking to-day into the walled rose garden beyond the gate in Fig. 4. The delightful little "Chinese Chippendale" porch (Fig. 2) may well date from about 1750, as may the decoration of



8.—A QUEER STAIRCASE IN THE CORRIDOR BETWEEN THE OLD AND LATER FRONTS

the southward rooms. The most notable of these is the octagon, that has a fine marble chimney-piece, the tablet of which contains an exquisite medallion of a woman's head, her curls, as some see them, writhing like snakes (Fig. 10). Between the farmhouse and the south rooms a broad corridor runs from the paved entry hall, into which the porch opens, to a large window in the west wall. The corridor contains the main staircase within its height (Fig. 8). At the half landing, carried over the corridor on an arch, this divides into two flights, one turning east, the other west. The lower and the east flight have turned balusters of early Georgian type; the west flight has straight pine supports of square section, of about 1780. Evidently the corridor ended at the staircase, perhaps in a window, until it was carried on westward, and the later flight was led up from the landing to serve the rooms in the upper part of the block then added and seen on the right of Fig. 4. This queer rambling ascent provides odd spaces where china may be stored, as in the contemporary glass-fronted cupboard under the landing in Fig. 8, or where odd stories may linger.

There is the one about the smuggler who appeared to a lady in a dream. She saw a man "in old-fashioned dress," wearing a cap over one ear with a short curling feather in it. He told her he was murdered in the house in the year 1515, it being

then a den of gamblers and thieves. She dreamt that he said he had been buried "below the room with the arrow." So vivid was the vision that the dreamer next day made an exhaustive search for a room with an arrow. The cellars under the farmhouse portion were explored particularly, since they were known to be the oldest part of the house, and to have been used in days gone by for the underlings. She found nothing until, coming upstairs again, her eye lit on a whip rack, and in it was an arrow—a forgotten relic of her own archery days when toxophily was the fashion.

The name and site of Marelands is clearly a very old one. The elm and chestnut avenue turns out of the Farnham-Alton road, which is the Pilgrims' Way, just east of "the green by the forest," as the name Bentley is held to signify. Along this highway, older than the Romans, the traffic of centuries has passed from Southampton and Winchester, when the latter was the capital of the Saxon kings, to London and the Channel port. Small wonder if "smugglers" and other undesirable characters haunted its fringes. The earliest reference found to Marelands is in the early fourteenth century, when the name was Merelcopmed, referring evidently to the meadow sloping to the then marshy course of the Wey; a little later it is *la Merre*, and in the fifteenth century Merelond, perhaps implying the existence of a lake or mere in the valley. A house existed in the fourteenth century, for Richard at Mere in Bentley made over the lands to his son "with a little house opposite the said Richard's hall, and pasture for one cow at La Merre." The building that most nearly approximates, at any rate in character, to those early times is the great barn, north-west of the house, and on the line of the approach avenue. The roof is an example of queen-post construction—groups of two uprights supporting the main rafters, instead of a single king-post strutting the ridge—and its irregularly shaped but craftily assembled members no doubt came from Alice Holt, which, as early as a survey of 1603, was found to contain 13,031 oaks fit for use in the naval dockyards. More and better trees were available for local buildings before the increasing size and number of the King's ships laid toll upon the forests. It is possible that the frequently-met-with story that a barn is built of "ship's timbers" really means that its beams were intended or rejected for naval use, and were "saved" from a ship in that way.

The old gardens of Marelands are contained in a series of walled enclosures lying west of the house. But their most striking feature is the long terrace beginning beneath the south windows of the house (Fig. 3) and running for some 200 yards westwards, with herbaceous borders against the old garden walls on one side, and a yew walk on the other, against the pastoral landscape of the Wey vale and Alice Holt (Fig. 9). The terrace already existed in Gilbert White's time, although its westerly prolongation, at least in its present form, is of more recent date. The inclusion into the garden of the field below the terrace is due to Mrs. Joy since her coming to Marelands in 1918. Here the slope below the terrace, from which it is seen against the wooded distance, has been planted in broad herbaceous masses (Fig. 11)—lupins, irises, delphiniums, Michaelmas daisies, heleniums. Around the fountain the effect of a natural rocky scree has been cleverly produced, with steps and tracks of Horsham slates, among which a great variety of rock and sun-loving plants and bushes, including cistus, brooms, berberis and the like, effectively thrive. The old part of the terrace is a particularly pleasant example of paving, with large diamonds of flint cobbles, here and there centred on a solid millstone, set in an expanse of flagstones intersected by strips of granite setts or red tiles. From here, whilst tea is being laid beneath the awning, we may take a last look at Alice Holt, where wild roe and fallow deer still haunt the glades that Gilbert White crossed the river to explore, before taking our leave of this house of mysterious memories and present peace.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.



9.—THE HOUSE AND THE WEY VALLEY FROM THE LONG TERRACE



10.—"WITH HAIR WRITHING LIKE SERPENTS." A FINE GEORGIAN CHIMNEY-PIECE IN THE OCTAGON AND (inset) ITS MEDALLION



11.—A MASSED ARRAY OF LUPINS BELOW THE LONG TERRACE

BREEDING HEDGEHOGS

By PHYLLIS KELWAY

SIX years have passed since I first bred a litter of hedgehogs, and, as that event was more by accident than design, I am experimenting again this year. In war-time, attempts to breed wild creatures for the purpose of collecting data on gestation periods, sex ratio of litters and other matters have had to be pushed on one side; but it happens that hedgehogs will work in very conveniently with the hundred or so rabbits kept down in the field for meat and fur. In order to run these rabbits single-handed, the labour of cleaning has to be reduced to the minimum. I have therefore constructed a number of "folds" of 1½ ins. by 1 in. battens and 1 in. wire netting. The folds have floors of netting and are moved over the grass.

Owing to the fluctuating ages of the rabbits, two of the folds are necessarily untenanted from time to time. In each of these I shall house a pair of hedgehogs. Difficulties will arise, for poachers are often to be seen round our hedges, and one day my white gander suffered wounds from a number of pellets. There are cats as well—too many of them—and last but not least my own Alsatian who has been so thoroughly trained as a naturalist's dog that she actually asks permission before she kills a rat. Whether hedgehogs will stand up to these disturbances in a confined space is a question for the hedgehogs themselves.

Feeding will be easy. Indeed, I shall be glad of the hedgehogs. They will devour those inevitable weaklings from the chinchillas that persist in having a dozen in a litter; they will eat the ducklings and goslings and chicks that fail to hatch at the eleventh hour; they will enjoy the soft-shelled egg that collapses upon the droppings-board; and when this home produce fails they can have chickens' heads from the poulterer.

At present I believe the gestation period of hedgehogs to be about 36 days. This belief arises not only from individuals caught in the wild who produced young in captivity, but also from a certain lady whom we called the Widow, because she had sons and daughters, but no apparent husband. I kept her with her offspring in a summer-house measuring 12 ft. by 8 ft. where she reared all but one of her four babies. The family had quantities of litter in the shape of beech leaves, hay and straw, and they built colossal nests.

When the youngsters were 10 months old the Widow married one of them. Her young husband promptly died. Although I spent hours at dusk and sometimes at night in the summer-house I never learned what I wanted to know, but I came very near it.

The weight of the Widow formed the basis of my calculations. Naturally, a hibernating



BRED BY MISS KELWAY "MORE BY ACCIDENT THAN DESIGN"

animal's weight fluctuates considerably. From weighing numbers of hedgehogs that pass through my hands, I have found that the animal is lightest toward the end of hibernation and heaviest at the beginning of that state. Should you weigh specimens taken from the garden you will probably find that the weight is heaviest in October and lightest in January. An average weight for an adult is 1½ lb.

I weighed the Widow at irregular intervals, but it is sufficient to say here that on June 3 she weighed 1 lb. 10 oz., and a month later her weight had risen to 2 lb. 13 oz. This was the outward sign that first made me creep on tiptoe whenever I entered the summer-house.

But the Widow changed in other ways. We had always been good friends, and as I sat in the house at dusk she would waddle to and fro across my feet and receive tit-bits from my hand.

To the layman she might have appeared slow-witted, greedy, shy and even slightly ridiculous. Her snores, her sniffs and her heavy breathing were perhaps crude; her manner of eating was rude; and altogether her behaviour was of the earth earthy. She kept her bed scrupulously clean, however; she decided on the best position for an E.C. in one corner of the summer-house and kept to it; and once I had freed her of her unpleasant population of parasites, she never indulged in a flea again.

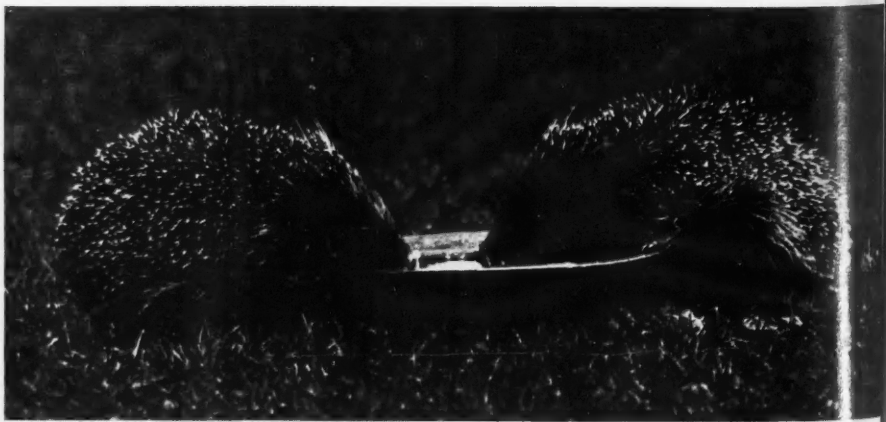
Three weeks after the death of her husband the Widow withdrew her friendship from me. She became secretive and stayed in bed for longer intervals. At the same time her appetite

increased, and I could scarcely keep pace with her bowls of bread and milk and her meat from the butcher. Barrow-loads of dry leaves were emptied into the summer-house and every night the Widow collected more and more bedding in her tea-chest. The way in which she compressed the material was amazing. She stuffed the box with every wisp of hay and every dry leaf she could find, and I could hear her working far within, turning and twisting, and grunting to herself as she toiled.

On the thirtieth day I saw her for a few moments. She was enormous. Her hairy belly was low to ground and her short legs scarcely carried her above floor level. The babies were born, I believe, a week later. The Widow was different again. Although a hedgehog can never be said to be fairy-footed, she was certainly lighter and less bulky. She again came out regularly and nosed under my hand, pushing at me with her hairy head. I dared not look inside the tea-chest for fear of upsetting the old dame, but at last I weighed her. She was 1 lb. 14 oz.

At last, after about a fortnight, I looked. It was hard work. The bedding of that box was a solid wall; it was compressed as though by machinery like a bale of peat moss. Far inside was the nursery of finely chewed leaves.

The difference between 2 lb. 13 oz. and 1 lb. 14 oz. had represented the weight of five baby hedgehogs born 12 months, almost to a day, after the Widow had first crossed the threshold of the summer-house.



A HEDGEHOG UNROLLING ITSELF FROM A BALL. (Right) YOUNG HEDGEHOGS WHICH WERE HEARTY EATERS

SIR EDMUND DAVIS'S PICTURES

THE late Sir Edmund Davis was, as a patron and collector, true to his period, and his patronage of artists was kindly and informed. Apart from a Hogarth, a Dobson, a Gainsborough, and a great Millais, his collection was limited to the artists of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries—Charles Conder, James Pryde, and in particular to Charles Ricketts and Charles Shannon, who lived at the Keep at his gates at Chilham Castle. Chilham is frequently mentioned in Charles Ricketts's self-portrait, and directly after the Armistice in 1918, when he bought the place, the "charming and romantic keep" was given over to the two friends. There is a drawing by Sir Max Beerbohm (1909) of "Sir Edmund Davis with Venice thrown in." The background thrown in should have been Chilham.

Among his seventeenth- and eighteenth-century pictures, Hogarth's painting of an interior with a staymaker fitting a corset on a lady, while an attendant holds a mirror, holds pride of place. The background is bare and sombre, without Hogarth's usual collection of cluttered and symbolical detail, but the vigorous brushwork is a proof that the artist's natural means of expression was with the brush rather than the pencil. It is now announced that the picture has been bought for £3,250 by the National Gallery with the assistance of the National Art Collections Fund.



THE STAYMAKER, BY WILLIAM HOGARTH
(Now at the National Gallery)



THE EVE OF ST. AGNES, BY SIR JOHN MILLAIS



LADY CLARGES, BY GAINSBOROUGH

The three-quarter length portrait of Lady Clarges, with her powdered hair dressed high, and yellow dress, is an elegant and pleasing rendering of a "lady of quality," dating from Gainsborough's Bath period.

The Eve of St. Agnes was painted in the winter of 1862, after Millais had escaped from the Pre-Raphaelite net, and was broadening out into a successful Academic painter. Some few years earlier Ruskin had pointed out the change in the artist's manner to comparative freedom; a change that was "not only a fall—it was a catastrophe." But in this picture Millais seems to show that he could be as Pre-Raphaelite as ever if he chose, and could carry out "the downright and earnest effort to paint nature as in a looking-glass." The figure standing in the moonlight was his wife (who was accustomed to speak of it afterwards as the severest task she ever undertook), the dim room is the bedroom at Knole, and the gold and silver embroidery of the famous bed, and the silver furniture, are distinguishable. Even the moonlight did not repeat Keats's verbal magic, and Millais found that "warm gales" is an affair of daylight; "the light even from a full moon, was not strong enough to throw perceptible colour on any object." The picture was painted rapidly, and exhibited in 1863, when it was bought by Val Prinsep, who wrote of it as "essentially a painter's picture." There is also a picture by Millais dating from the same year, *The Farmer's Daughter*, and a small sketch for *The White Cockade*.

The full-length portrait of the great Duke of Hamilton, inscribed and dated 1643, belongs to the period when William Dobson's romantic and individual style was fully formed, and when, after Van Dyck's death until his own in 1646, he had only Lely as a competitor. The portrait is said to have been painted at Oxford, where Dobson had a large clientele when the Court was there. Hamilton's dukedom dates from 1643. A few years later he was defeated in an unsuccessful rising from Scotland and beheaded a few weeks after Charles I.

There are, as was to be expected, a large number of small paintings on silk by Charles Conder, and several paintings by Charles Shannon—*The Wood-Nymph*, *The Vintage*, *The Childhood of Bacchus*. In *Tibullus in the House of Delia*, Shannon shows some affinity with Dante Gabriel Rossetti in its crowded design. There are also five pieces by James Pryde. A group of 16 pen and colour drawings by Edmund Dulac, somewhat in the style of Persian miniatures, are remarkable as intimate records or caricatures of personalities in Sir Edmund Davis's circle, including Mr. Winston Churchill, Orpen and Yeats. The collection comes up for sale at Messrs. Christies to-day.

J. DE SERRE.

HAROLD HILTON

A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

ONE of the really great figures in golf has passed away with the death of Harold Hilton. He had been hopelessly ill so long and must have suffered so much that one can hardly say that one is sorry he is gone; death to him must have been a true release. But if there can be little sorrow there will always be admiring and affectionate remembrance. It must be a little more than a year ago that I went to see him in the remote Gloucestershire village where he had stayed after leaving Cooden. He was in bed, very ill and helpless, but he was cheerful and courageous; he still smoked one cigarette after another and still liked to talk about golf. We talked in particular of his last round of 75 which brought him in the winner of the second Open Championship, at Hoylake in 1897, and I shall always remember the gentle chuckle with which he said: "I began with a three."

There have been greater hitters of a ball than Harold, though very, very few, and they were so simply, I think, because they had greater physical advantages. There have been, in my judgment, none who knew the game as well as he did. Harold knew golf through and through. He was an encyclopædia of names and initials and years, but there are many people who have that sort of memory. He had an exact knowledge of his own game and of how he produced every shot in his large repertory. He had a really astonishing knowledge of other people's golf, not merely of that of the most exciting figures in the game, but of almost everybody with whom he had ever played. He was an instinctive student of method and seemed to have in his head, neatly put away for reference, whole series of pictures of his friends and their various strokes. I very well remember him at a championship at Westward Ho! going out to watch a hole or two played by another famous Hoylake golfer, whom he had not seen for some time, the late Mr. C. E. Dick. After the game he said to him: "Charles, you've lost your iron shot," and proceeded to demonstrate with that most characteristic back-hand gesture of his left hand exactly what he deemed amiss. He was always ready to show anyone, old or young, but in particular the young, how some shot should be played, and this came partly from a natural kindness of heart, but also from the fact that every golfer's problems were of interest to him.

Harold was, as were the other two members of the great Hoylake trinity, John Ball and Jack Graham, a mighty practiser, and it seems to me entirely appropriate that the first time I ever set eyes upon him he was hard at work playing spoon shots in the "Field" at Hoylake. He was hitting half a dozen balls one after the other and they all seemed to come down within a yard or two of each other and make a little white pattern on the grass. He was amazingly accurate with wooden clubs, more particularly with that spoon of his that served him as a maid-of-all-work. Yet the first sight of him hitting a ball did not convey a notion of accuracy, but rather of a whole-hearted flinging himself at the ball. His address to the ball was, to be sure, very careful and precise; he placed his feet and faced his club to the line with great exactness. These preliminaries over, he seemed to throw care to the winds, and one had a wild and whirling vision of a little man jumping on his toes and throwing himself and his club after the ball with almost frantic abandon. Yet this was the most deceptive possible appearance, for though he certainly hit for all he was worth, he had a gift of balance such as is given to few. His cap might fall off the back of his head, he might twist his hips and shoulders round in producing the hook which he used so skilfully, but he was always firmly poised, the master of himself and of the ball.

It was his wooden club play that was the most fascinating to watch. For anything in the nature of a long shot he preferred wood to iron, but there was no greater master of the pitching shot, and no one could make the ball

bite and stop better than he could. There was an Amateur Championship, at Prestwick in 1911, when the ground was keen and hard and sun-burnt to a remarkable degree, and he won it because these extraordinary conditions gave scope for his extraordinary skill. He could pitch the ball and stop on to the old "tennis court" green—the sixth—while everyone else went bounding over. He changed almost on the instant from his usual hook to a slight fade and so kept his tee shots on the course, while others hit just too far and ended in the rough. That was by no means the greatest of his wins, and he was then something past his best, but as a victory of acuteness of mind and masterly control it always deserves to be remembered.

Harold was unquestionably at his best as a score player. He won two Open Championships and he very, very nearly won two more. It is rash to talk overmuch about "ifs" and "deserts," but I think it almost fair to say that he deserved to win the Open Championship which Harry Vardon won at Prestwick with Willie Park a stroke behind. Harold was only two shots behind the winner, and he had taken eight to the Himalayas. Admittedly he committed an error of judgment then in taking an iron he had not been using instead of the wooden club with which he could juggle. Yet an eight was too severe a punishment; the Fates dealt cruelly with him. So they did in 1911, another

of Vardon's years, when he seemed set for victory in the last round at Sandwich, until an apparently perfect tee shot—and he thought it perfect—was caught in a little jutting piece of bunker invisible from the tee. Of course, the player must know the course; *ignorantia hanc excusat*, but again the Fates were hard.

Because he was a supremely good score player let no one think Harold could not play a match. Admittedly there was one man against whom he could not; Freddie Tait, his great amateur rival and contemporary, was one too many for him in single combat. The one went out with the light of battle in his eye, the other nervous and despondent. To be able to produce such an effect on a golfer of Hilton's quality is eloquent of the power of his conqueror; but against any other man Harold was a fine match player; he suffered but he endured. "I could fight pretty well too," he once said to me, "if I could make myself see the humour of it." It was a very astute comment. He had naturally a great sense of humour; every match he watched teemed with sly fun for him as well as with serious interest; but he could not always see the fun—how few of us can!—when he was himself in the throes of a fierce struggle.

I have to write all too hurriedly—for time and printers wait for no man—and this is a very imperfect tribute to one of whom I was very fond and who was, I like to think, a friend of mine. Harold's was in some ways rather a tragic life; he might have fared better if he had applied his very astute mind to other things besides hitting a ball. But if he had weaknesses they were amiable ones, and his many good qualities will be measured by the number of those who will mourn and remember him.

LIVESTOCK STAMINA IN DANGER

UNDER peace-time conditions, our livestock produce more food for us than they have ever done: cows give more milk, hens lay more eggs, sows have larger litters, sheep have an increasing tendency to produce twins or even triplets, and fat stock are ready for the butcher at a much earlier age. This great development of our livestock industry is the result of selective breeding, together with improvements in feeding and management.

Until the eighteenth century there was a great scarcity of food for farm animals during the winter months, and therefore large numbers had to be slaughtered in the autumn, the meat being salted down. The growing of root-crops in the eighteenth century, and the importation of grain and oil-seeds in the nineteenth century, however, made winter feeding a much easier matter, and nowadays (in peace-time), with the help of silage and dried young grass, we can keep our livestock in good condition throughout the most severe of winters. Side by side with these improvements in feeding there have been improvements in management, and these two factors together have made possible the survival of the highly productive breeds of livestock with which we are familiar.

IN TUDOR DAYS

How much our livestock has improved can be realised by comparing Elizabethan conditions with our own. This is what Tusser said about pig-rearing in the sixteenth century:—

Of one sow, together rear few above five,
And those of the fairest, and likeliest to thrive,
Ungelt, of the best keep a couple for store,
One boar pig and sow pig, that sucketh before.

And again:

Who hath a desire, to have store very large,
At Whitsuntide, let him give his wife a charge,
To rear of a sow at once only three;
And one of them also a boar let it be.

As against Tusser's litter of three to five, we can to-day safely raise litters of eight to ten, and many sows can produce and bring up much larger litters satisfactorily. Moreover, it is not uncommon for sows to have two litters a year instead of the single litter of Elizabethan times.

Our present-day high levels of production, however, involve added risks of loss of stamina. As Adrian Bell has recently pointed out: "The evolving of better-yielding cows, thrifter pigs, more prolific hens is a slow, slow process; and Nature is constantly demanding heavy compensation in disease and loss of stamina" (see *England and the Farmer*, edited by H. J. Massingham).

Increased production of young or eggs or milk obviously causes an increased strain on the maternal body, and this strain must be relieved by giving more food, and food of a higher quality.

Thus, in order to produce more and more milk from a cow, it is necessary to provide more and more protein in the diet, until finally the very bulk of the food may become the limiting factor. Straw, hay and grass cannot be fed in sufficient quantities to supply the necessary protein, and more concentrated forms of food, such as grain and oil-cake, must be fed as a supplement.

WASTAGE OF FLESH

If a cow's feed does not contain enough protein, the flow of milk is not necessarily reduced. What happens is that the cow's own body is called upon to make good the deficiency of protein. This wastage of the cow's flesh can often be seen; the cow looks thin, and there are shrunken hollows in the small of the back.

I well remember discussing with a farmer this question of feeding dairy cows so that they get as much protein as they require. Noticing a typical case of wastage, I said: "Look at that cow over there. Look at those hollows and those protruding bones. Those are the signs of an inadequate diet." "But she is my best milker," replied the farmer. "Precisely," said I; "that is just what I should expect. The cow which gives the most milk is the first to be affected by an inadequate diet."

The great danger with our modern farm animals is that they have been selected for generation by generation for intensive production of young, milk or eggs, and they therefore require a very high level of nutrition; otherwise the sow, cow, ewe or hen will sacrifice its own flesh for the benefit of the next generation. Improved

feeding and improved breeding must go hand in hand. A diet which is perfectly satisfactory at a low level of production must be increased in quantity and improved in quality when a higher level of production is reached. In other words, you must put back into the animal as much as you take out, or disaster will follow, although it may not be apparent for several generations.

BALANCE ESSENTIAL

Just after the last war, when vitamins had been newly discovered, an experiment was carried out in which pigs were brought up successfully on a rather poor diet. They grew slowly but there was nothing seriously the matter with them. To this diet, casein (one of the proteins of milk) was then added. The pigs began to grow more quickly, but they also began to show signs of rickets. The addition of protein to the diet had speeded up growth, and the quickly-growing animals were not able to obtain enough of some key substance necessary for bone-formation; rickets therefore resulted. This shows that there must be a correct balance between the various factors in the diet.

The results of lack of balance in the diet may not be apparent for several generations. Thus, in an experiment where a herd of pigs was kept on a diet poor in lime, the number of pigs born dead increased with each successive litter. While the mortality due to this cause was only 5 per cent. in the first generation, it had risen to 50 per cent. in the fourth generation. Moreover, the surviving pigs had weak bones and suffered from a considerable amount of ill-health. Now it is well known that an

animal can draw on the lime in its own bones to help in forming the bones of its young, and the increase in mortality in this experiment indicates a progressive deterioration of the reserves of lime in the body of the sow. This progressive maternal deficiency, as it may be called, was caused by a deficiency in the diet, and the effects became more marked with each successive generation.

Within recent years the rate of improvement of breeds has been accelerated by measuring some special factor. Litter-testing and pig-recording, milk-recording, and egg-laying trials, have all placed emphasis on high production, and the result has been an increased tempo in selection. Unfortunately, although it is relatively straightforward to improve a breed in one particular respect, it is altogether another thing to improve the breed in every respect; and it is impossible to foresee what effect any particular improvement will have on the well-being of the animal as a whole. It is, however, clear that improvements in the direction of increased production involve the risk of progressive maternal deficiencies, which in their turn lead to loss of stamina, lowered resistance to disease and even sterility.

TO MINIMISE RISKS

In this connection it may be mentioned that several observers have recorded signs of progressive deterioration in hens, and possibly also in cows and sows.

We must therefore face the fact that it is possible to increase the level of production more quickly than the knowledge of how to improve the diets of our livestock. It may be asked

how we can minimise the risks involved. Here are two suggestions.

In the first place, the pace of production for breeding animals should be held at a lower level than the maximum. Selection should still aim at higher levels of production, but these should not be exploited in the breeding herds and flocks. Thus, the litter of a sow should be reduced to an average of eight to ten even when more are born; the cow should not be milked to its full capacity; and the hen should not be forced by excessive feeding to produce large numbers of eggs.

PRODUCTION OR BREEDING?

With livestock used for production purposes, on the other hand, the largest amount of milk and the largest number of eggs or offspring should be obtained, but none of the offspring should be used for breeding purposes.

If breeding flocks and herds are thus segregated from their record-breaking offspring, and not used for record-breaking themselves, then the risk of progressive maternal deficiencies and consequent loss of stamina will be greatly decreased.

In the second place, a potential loss of stamina can be avoided by the wise use of land for livestock. Breeding herds and flocks should not be kept on the same land for more than two or three years. After this time the land should be ploughed up and cropped for several years before being put back to grass and used for livestock once more. In this way there is far less risk of removing from the soil essential components of an animal's diet, and moreover there is far less risk of increasing the numbers of parasites and bacteria in the soil to the point where they will infect even healthy stock. AGRARIAN.

CORRESPONDENCE

A GUN-SHY SPANIEL CONVERTED

SIR,—The conversion of a gun-shy dog is so rare that your readers may be interested to hear of an instance. She was a small brown spaniel, given to me because hopelessly gun-shy. Soon after I got her we went to the Highlands, and if anyone was shooting pigeons or rabbits near the house she fled and hid below my bed for hours. One day, as there was no one left in the house to look after her, we took her up to the moor. I was walking with my husband and his dog at the end of the line, and Nancy, rather than lose sight of me, was trailing along behind, all tucked up and a picture of misery. Presently my husband shot a grouse which fell behind quite close to her. She suddenly cheered up, rushed to it, wouldn't give it up to the other spaniel, and delivered it quite nicely to me. "This, after all, is life," she said, and became a sportsman forthwith. After that, if she was indoors and heard a shot, she dashed out to see what was going on, adored being taken out shooting, but never could bear to see anyone handle or clean a gun indoors. I usually had to go out if she went, especially partridge driving, for when the birds began to come she simply screamed with excitement and had to be smothered. She was too excitable and too small to be useful, but was completely cured of gun-shyness.—MABEL M. BOASE, *The White House, St. Andrews, Fife.*

DAFFODILS FOR THE WOUNDED

From Discount Bledisloe.

SIR, Daffodils planted many years ago now wild in the grass beside the drive of Lydney Park mansion house (now occupied by a girls' school from the west coast). With the help of the local Women's Institute, some estate employees, some children and ourselves all were picked and bunched and sold locally. This was organised by a capable gardener, G. Baylis, and 1000 blooms were gathered and sold in bunches of 12, realising no less

than £153 12s., a cheque for which I have sent to-day to London, to the Joint War Organisation of the Red Cross and the Order of St. John. I send you a photograph, taken by myself, of bunching after a busy evening's picking.—BLEDISLOE, *Redhill House, Lydney, Gloucestershire.*

THE VOICE OF THE BAT

SIR,—I heard bats clearly all my life until I was nearing 50. And I know many other people who heard them in youth, as well as some who say they have never heard them. I also knew one man who could never hear any birds, though his hearing was otherwise normal.—MURIEL HARRIS, *Lye Green Forge, Withyham, Sussex.*

SPHAGNUM MOSS WANTED

SIR,—Last year you were kind enough to print for me a letter appealing for sphagnum moss.

As there is still an urgent demand for this moss I should be very grateful if you would print this letter.

I should be more than grateful to any readers who can pick and send

me moss, and I will gladly refund the postage.

We clean and dry it here, so it is only necessary to squeeze out any surplus moisture before packing.—EVELYN BENETT-STANFORD, *Pythouse Hospital Supply and Comforts Depot, Tisbury, Salisbury.*

WAR BREAD

From Sir E. Graham-Little, M.P.

SIR,—Mr. Gillespie describes as "terrible stuff" the war-bread of 1917. But gastronomic considerations are not the only or indeed the most important factors in forming a judgment on food values; it is much more essential to ask what was the effect on the nation's health of the introduction of the war-bread in 1917. On this aspect of the question we have, happily, far more reliable evidence than the memories lingering on an individual palate can afford.

In the opening months of that "terrible" (in the true sense of that misused word) year, the menace of actual starvation was imminent. In the first two and a half years of the war we had been relatively well fed, as we had had command of the sea, but this was very seriously imperilled

by the unrestricted submarine attack reaching its peak in the early summer of 1917. In June of that year Lord Rhondda was appointed Food Controller and he immediately set about examining certain reports of the Food (War) Committee of the Royal Society, which had been submitted to the Government from time to time after the outbreak of war, but, in strict accordance with the habitual contempt of Government departments for science and experts, had been merely pigeon-holed. Rhondda, with the full encouragement of the Prime Minister (Mr. Lloyd George), thenceforth used the Royal Society Committee as his principal adviser "in all matters of Food Supply." The two most important recommendations of this committee enforced by the Government were:

1. A higher recovery of flour in milling.
2. The diversion of certain quantities of material used for stock feeding to human food.

This committee included three of the most famous physiologists that our country has produced, Gowland Hopkins, Ernest Starling and Augustus Waller. Feeding nations is a physiological problem, best dealt with by physiologists. Mr. Gillespie seems to prefer the action which he declares the present Ministry has taken, of "obtaining all the necessary information and advice from millers, and farmers, and probably bakers as well."

Professor Starling, writing in June, 1919, as Chairman of the Royal Society Food (War) Committee, has thus summarised the effect of the control of the food supply carried out under the auspices of the Royal Society:

"The United Kingdom was the only nation in Europe in which no man, woman or child had to go hungry or leave his or her hunger unsatisfied on account of war conditions. Indeed the general health of the community was better than in pre-war years, largely owing to the improved feeding of the poorer classes, among whom so many had

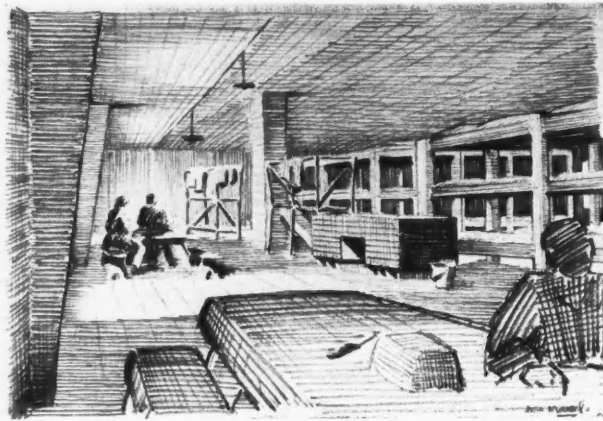


ALL HANDS BUNCH DAFFODILS IN THE SHELTER OF A STACK

(See letter "Daffodils for the Wounded")



A VIEW OF THE ENTRANCE GATES TO LOWER CAMP OFLAG IX A



INSIDE TRANSIT HUT, CAMP IV B, WITH ROWS OF THREE-DECKER BEDS, AND RACKS FOR DRYING CLOTHES

(See letter "From a Prisoner of War")



OFFLAG IX A LOWER CAMP FROM THE OPPOSITE END OF THE COMPOUND

previously been ill-nourished. The great diminution of sickness among elementary-school children is a fact of much significance in this connection."—E. GRAHAM-LITTLE, *House of Commons*.

SIR.—The letter in COUNTRY LIFE of April 17 by Sir E. Graham-Little should be put up in every bakery shop. It is most important. For years now I have been receiving letters from my relations in U.S.A. telling me to buy bread only with *wheat germ* in it. It seems that an article called "Wheat Germ" can be bought in U.S.A. to eat with one's food and it is considered a cure for all ills that flesh is heir to. I have continually asked at bakers' shops for bread with the whole wheat germ in it. They never seem to understand what I am asking for and just smile and leave me unattended to, as if I was a fool. No wonder that bread in this country is nasty and fills the refuse bins in towns!—N. STUART LUFFNESS *Mill House, Aberlady, East Lothian*.

FROM A PRISONER OF WAR

SIR.—My son, Captain Maunsel, is a prisoner of war in Germany. I am sending you some of the sketches he has done in the different camps, in case you think they might be of interest to readers of COUNTRY LIFE who have friends or relations who are prisoners in any of them. I may say that my son is an architect. He says: "No. 2 is the Transit Camp IV B,

where the initial small party in which I found myself, spent a few days en route to Oflag IX A. It is difficult to give much impression to so small a scale, but I have indicated the rows of three-decker beds, the strange sort of stove with its flue running into the chimney, and what was a crowd

beings, yet she flew from her eggs whenever anyone left the house. The other was a most extraordinary bird. A trestle ladder had been erected about 5 ft. from the nest. No concealment of any kind was necessary. One simply mounted the ladder, focused on the bird's eye and

my suspicion that this painting had been executed by the Princess Royal and was a typical example of her work. This royal lady later became Crown Princess of Prussia and eventually German Empress.

I should be glad if any of your readers know of any other examples of her work, in either art galleries or private collections.—J. COUTTS DUFFUS, YOUNGER OF CLAVERTON, Claverton, by Dundee, Angus.

CORMORANT FISHING

SIR.—Chinese fishermen use cormorants to catch fish. I have no doubt the Japanese copied them in this as in almost everything else (see Mr. Frank W. Lane's article on "Native Stratagems in Fishing and Hunting"—February 20 issue).

This photograph was taken in the Yangtze Valley. A string is attached to the cormorant's legs, and by this the fishermen yank them up to the boat again when they think the birds have been down below long enough.—S.

EARLY DAYS OF SUGAR BEET

SIR.—The sugar beet has been drilled—and this is the third great drilling since the outbreak of war. Yet very many people do not grasp that it is thanks to beet that we have so much more sugar than in the first world war. It occurs to me, in this connection, that some readers could set down memories (which would be of the greatest interest) of early experiments



CHINESE FISHERMEN WITH THEIR CORMORANTS

(See letter "Cormorant Fishing")

reduced to a minimum, so that you can see the room. The date about May 28, 1940. You may be able to discern the clothes racks on which we dried clothes, washed after borrowing a piece of soap off anybody who was captured with a piece at hand. No. 3 is a view of Oflag IX A (Lower Camp) from the opposite end of the compound to the entrance. On the right is the dining-hall block, on the left the main block, containing lecture room, chapel room and dormitories. 'Coler' on ground floor. On the extreme left is the hospital block and the dormitories. No. 1 shows the entrance gates."—ISITA MAUNSEL, *Holm Place, Windlesham, Surrey*.

TEMPERAMENT IN BIRDS

SIR.—Since my article some years ago on "Strange Experiences," I have had another, an example of the difference in temperament between birds of the same species. In a friend's garden were two Mistle thrushes' nests, both in pear trees, one built high up in a tree near the back door, the other in a low tree in the quietest part of the garden. One would have imagined that the first hen bird would have become used to human

exposed as many plates as desired. One day she was sitting head on when I wanted a sideways pose. Trying to move her with a small twig merely caused her to shake it violently in her beak. Finally, my friend's son climbed the tree, picked up the bird and replaced her in the required position. After her outraged dignity had subsided, I took the enclosed photograph.—REGINALD P. GAIT.

[It is well known that birds, like most other creatures, vary much in temperament and that individuality is the rule not the exception even in the bird world.—ED.]

BY A ROYAL ARTIST

SIR.—No doubt many of your readers will be interested in the attached photograph of a water-colour painting done by Victoria, eldest daughter of Queen Victoria.

This picture, which has recently come into my possession, formerly hung at Rosneath Castle, in the collection of the ninth Duke of Argyll, where it was catalogued as "by Queen Victoria."

Mr. O. F. Morshead, of the Royal Library at Windsor, to whom I sent a photograph, very kindly confirmed



POSING FOR HER PHOTOGRAPH

(See letter "Temperament in Birds")



A PAINTING BY QUEEN VICTORIA'S DAUGHTER, THE EMPRESS OF GERMANY

(See letter "By a Royal Artist")

in the cultivation of sugar beet for the first or at any rate the second sugar beet factory in England. The first was established in 1870 and soon failed: the second (the only other to be founded before 1920) was opened in 1912.

Of course, though sugar beet seems a new crop to England, it is quite well-established on the Continent. A white variety of beet was exported from Portugal in 1570, and the presence of sugar in beet was noted as early as 1605. In the middle of the eighteenth century a German scientist

succeeded in extracting crystallisable sugar, and thereafter beet was grown on a small scale (for home use) by some French and German farmers, who decocted syrup from it. Between 1798 and 1803 a sugar beet factory was established in Silesia, and from that time the beet sugar business (much encouraged by the British near-monopoly of cane sugar and the blockade of the Continent during the Napoleonic Wars) developed rapidly. By 1850, when the first British beet factory was established (in Ireland), Germany and France had nearly

400 sugar beet factories between them! The early beet had a far smaller sugar content than the improved modern varieties. Incidentally, sugar beet history is made more interesting by the recent news that the U.S.A. has found it necessary to ration sugar, the individual allowance being the same (8 oz.) that obtains in this country.—COUNTRY-MAN, Bradfield, Berkshire.

A COTSWOLD VILLAGE CINEMA

SIR,—The Cotswolds are noted for their mellow stonework and pretty villages. Peace and quiet are the keynote of all of them. Even their cinemas are designed in keeping with this old-world charm. Here is the cinema at Winchcomb, Gloucestershire, which is thought to be the smallest of its type, and it does not bear any of the glaring signs associated



THE CINEMA AT WINCHCOMB IN THE COTSWOLDS

(See letter "A Cotswold Village Cinema")

with these buildings. Nevertheless it is one of the most attractive cinemas that I have seen.—G. LESLIE HORN, 215, Elgin Avenue, London, W.9.

A CARVING IN HARWELL CHURCH

SIR,—The pretty village of Harwell, Berkshire, has a most interesting church, and inside I took this photograph of a figure sitting up against one of the windows.

This stone carving has been here since the church was erected in the thirteenth century. The church is dedicated to St. Matthew (the Publican) the Apostle, and it is thought that the sculptor had the idea of the publican (not the tax-gatherer) in his mind when he carved the figure and put the jug of beer in his hand.—J. DENTON ROBINSON, Darlington.



THE FIGURE WITH THE JUG OF BEER IN HARWELL CHURCH

(See letter "A Carving in Harwell Church")

THE JEBEL DRUZE

SIR,—At the conclusion of the campaign in Syria in July, 1941, British troops moved into the Jebel Druze and occupied Soueida, the capital of the province, and Salkhad, the ancient stronghold of Og, King of Bashan. There the Union Jack was hoisted for the first time. Most of the troops followed Israel of old, from Deraa (Edrei), but without the violence of the third chapter of Deuteronomy, when "the men, women and children of every city were utterly destroyed."

The surrounding hills of Jebel Druze, with their black rocks, form a grim country indeed, but are full of evidence of a great and prosperous past. Ruins abound, of cities with paved streets, theatres, aqueducts, baths and all the luxuries of Roman civilisation. They are inhabited to-day by a people whose origin, no less than their religion, is wrapt in mystery—a people entirely different from their neighbours—whose women have the air of Plantagenet England. It is a country which immediately challenges the interest of the traveller, and stimulates further enquiry.

Until recent years known as the Jebel Hauran—and still marked as such on many maps—the Jebel Druze is situated some 60 miles south of Damascus. In Biblical times it formed part of the land of Bashan; to this day the patron saint is Job, who is commonly reputed to be buried in the neighbourhood. To the west lies the fertile corn land of the Hauran plain, which was the scene of the exploits of Lawrence and the Arab forces in 1918. To the east stretches the Syrian desert. It is a volcanic country, covered by innumerable black stones, many of which have been cleared and used to build high stone walls, so thin that when seen against the light they have the appearance of lace. To the north is the Lejja, a circle of volcanic rock some 25 miles across, as inaccessible as any place well could be. It has the appearance of an inferno of an early picture, and has been the centre of many a pro-

longed resistance against the invader, in modern no less than in ancient times. Far away across the Lejja and the Hauran rises Mount Hermon: Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth.

Is Mount Zion, on the sides of the north.

Of the many places where remains are to be found, Kanawat, 7 miles from Soueida, is probably the richest. Earthquakes have unfortunately reduced many fine buildings to ready-made quarries, of which full advantage has been taken by recent builders. But, thanks to the interest of French archaeologists, much has been saved and buildings have been re-erected. One of the most beautiful is the doorway, dating from the second century A.D. In this exquisite carving one may discover the motif of the rose of England, and on the lintel the swastika of Nazi Germany.

At Salkhad are traces of older forts built one upon the other, relics of Nabatean, Roman, Arab, Mongol, Turkish and French invaders. Classical remains are not so much in evidence here, with one notable exception. From the top of the tower of the fort are to be seen, radiating to the east, west and north, the unmistakable lines of Roman roads, still in use to-day though apparently having received little attention since their makers left. In the days of the Pax Romana, it must have been possible to travel by these roads across Asia and Europe as far as Corbridge. Legionaries on Hadrian's wall no doubt had the same nostalgic thoughts of warmer climates that the garrison of Salkhad to-day has of the green fields of the north of England. One incurable optimist, with an imagination which appeared elastic to those who do not wear the white rose in their caps, discovered among the stones a piece of ground which he described as "exactly like the Knaves-mire," and there, true to form, he organised a race meeting for the following Sunday!—KEITH DUNN.



A SECOND-CENTURY DOORWAY AT KANAWAT



THE ANCIENT STRONGHOLD OF THE KING OF BASHAN



DRUZE WOMEN HAVE THE AIR OF PLANTAGENET ENGLAND

(See letter "The Jebel Druze")

FARMING NOTES

THE PROMISE OF MAY

IN the middle of May our farms should be looking their best. Everything is full of promise this month. It is not until late June or July that we see that some of our hopes will not be fulfilled. The wheat came through the dry time in April very well. A good plant was established in the autumn and, despite hard winter frosts and shrewd winds since, there is an exceptionally strong plant in most fields. The barley went into dust as it should and is now showing nicely. Some of the oats were late sown and "cuckoo" oats are always a gamble. They come through to harvest well enough in some years, but 1941 oats proved a light crop at threshing in many districts. There was too much chaff and not enough grain, so that a full sack at threshing often failed to weigh a hundredweight-and-a-half.

MANY farmers have been worried about the delay in getting delivery of phosphatic fertilisers which they wanted for sowing with spring corn or for grass seeds. Supplies now seem to have caught up with demand again, but there was a period of six weeks or so when many farmers were crying out for phosphates. The total supply, so I am told, this season has been almost double the pre-war quantity. It is surprising where it all goes to. We have an extra 6,000,000 acres under the plough now and much of the heavy grassland needed a generous dressing of phosphates to grow a decent crop. Even so, it is evident that many more farmers are realising the value of fertilisers more fully than ever before. Certainly much more nitrogen has been applied this spring. When it goes on in May there is less risk of lodging than from earlier spring applications.

SOME people are pressing for a fertiliser rationing scheme to be put into effect in time for next season. They say that some farmers are using fertilisers wastefully and that the country will only get the best results if distribution is arranged more equitably. It would be possible, of course, to ration fertilisers in the same way as feeding-stuffs are rationed, allowing so many hundredweights for each acre of corn, potatoes, roots, and so on, but this would be a gigantic undertaking and in practice every acre does not need the same dressing. Soil types vary widely even in a district, let alone a county. It is probably true that the farm which has for many years had generous applications of phosphates could go on growing full crops for two or three years without further dressings. But as the farmer who has spent generously on phosphates is the man who is probably pushing his land to the utmost in growing big crops, he is just as likely as the other man to give the nation a full return for the fertilisers he uses. I doubt very much whether any considerable quantity of fertilisers is misapplied.

ROGATIONTIDE was from Sunday to Wednesday, May 10 to 13. Then, according to the Bishop of Salisbury, in his diocesan gazette, "we visit the land at various centres and ask God's blessing on the crops." In the Salisbury diocese last year several of the clergy held open-air services at different farms in their parishes and in the village street, interceding for the crops with prayers and leading the singing of suitable hymns. The Bishop expressed the hope that this year Rogationtide would be observed along the same lines throughout the country parishes of his diocese. He again arranged to take part in the services in three directions. He suggests that where it is found possible it is a pretty custom for the parishioners in the procession each to carry some green or flowering bower, not inconveniently large. Canon W. J. Barton, at the Palace, Salisbury, has the form of service for those who want it next year. It is surely all to the good for the Church to identify itself as closely as possible with the everyday work of the country. Harvest festivals

when all is safely gathered in are routine in every parish, but Rogationtide intercessions for the crops are much less usual. Dr. Lovett makes himself at home with farmers and farm workers. He took a leading part in the Plough Sunday and Monday festivities at Dorchester in January and showed himself then a true countryman.

THE Cambridgeshire Milk Recording Society has a good year's work to its credit: 1,621 full-year cows were recorded with an average yield of 680 gallons of warm milk. This is four gallons more than in the previous year. In these days of cattle food rationing no herd wants passengers, and owners outside the Milk Recording Societies are beginning to see that they are at a great disadvantage when it comes to economical feeding. Good hay containing plenty of clover has been the basis of many

high yields with a mixture of crushed oats and crushed beans in equal weight and ground nut, as allowed by the authorities, and the mixture fed strictly according to milk recorded yield. Many herds according to the Cambridgeshire report lost production through feeding crushed oats alone, often in extravagant quantities, and poor quality hay. There is one other point worth noting. Milk yields through the year are influenced greatly by the month of calving. It is the opinion of many dairy farmers that February should be the best month for calving because the new spring grass would flush the cows at the time of their maximum yield and maintain this maximum yield for a longer period than usual, but the Cambridgeshire figures show that the November calvers reap the greatest advantage.

I REFERRED in my notes of May 1 to the process of treating wheat and barley straw with sulphuric acid to increase its digestibility. Sulphuric acid, is of course, not used for this purpose. I should have written caustic soda. CINCINNATUS

THE ESTATE MARKET

REAL ESTATE AS A GOOD INVESTMENT

AT the moment the number of auctions announced, or in course of arrangement, can be said without fear of contradiction to be the smallest on record. Even if we take into account small weekly properties and that sort of thing, submitted in local salerooms, the total is trifling, and the weekly turnover under the hammer receives no addition from London auctions, for a fixture at the London Mart is a rare event. Yet there are buyers about, and an increase of opportunities for them would be very welcome.

FUTURE VALUES

THE fact is that the property owner is as fully aware, as any potential purchaser can possibly be, of the value of real estate compared with most other investments, and if he puts a property on the market he fixes a reserve that may prove prohibitive. The openings for the re-investment of money are mainly limited to a special class of stock, if the prevalent uncertainty of the trend of commercial and similar shares is taken into consideration. Private enterprise, which ordinarily might afford scope for productive use of funds, is fettered by all sorts of regulations and restrictions. The result is a growing appreciation, by those who hold real property of any kind, of its value compared with any other form of capital. Rents may be low for various classes of premises, whether houses or shops, but there are exceptions here, too, and any temporary difficulties or disappointments are more than outweighed by the thought of the improvement that should be seen when the general outlook brightens.

PETROL AND PROPERTY

THE restrictions on the supply of petrol are having an adverse influence on the enquiry for small country houses, and in a variety of ways. It is not merely that the motor car cannot be used for shopping and the visiting that adds to the pleasure of life in the country. The car journey to and from the local railway station for the daily run to Town, for those members of the family who are professionally or commercially engaged, will soon become impossible and, although we are told that the bicycle may prove a useful alternative, it is not everybody who cares for cycling after a certain age, and bicycles are becoming as difficult as most other things to acquire. Some young and vigorous occupiers of small country houses, four or five miles from a station, are, if not cheerfully at any rate uncomplainingly, using a bicycle to and from the train, and one or two say that they keep another bicycle at the London station, and are thus independent of both private and public services. They are lucky and exceptional, and differ in that respect from many an occupier of a country house, whose natural aversion from physical exertion has been deepened by the long accustomed enjoyment of the ease and speed of a motor car.

One result of the petrol difficulty would ordinarily be the placing for letting or sale of houses so situated that their occupants are dependent on motoring, for the difficulties of their situation limit the market to the comparatively few people who have no daily or regular call to travel to and from towns, so nothing in the way of relief can be

effected. Meanwhile, enquiries for the remoter residences are falling off in a marked degree.

THE HARBOURNE HALL ESTATE

UNLESS the property has been previously sold privately one of the most interesting auctions of the near future should be that of the Harbourne Hall estate of 835 acres between Tenterden and Ashford. It is to be offered, as a whole or in lots, at the Saracen's Head Hotel, Ashford, on May 20, by Messrs. Bernard Thorpe and Partners, whose temporary address is Effingham Park Estate Office, Copthorne, Crawley, Sussex. Besides the Georgian mansion with grounds extending to about 41 acres, and the home farm (Tiffenden), about 257 acres with a valuable hop quota—of this vacant possession is offered—there are three other farms and nearly 250 acres of mixed timber, a secondary residence, Great Robhurst; eight cottages and houses, accommodation lands and building sites. The estate produces an annual income of about £1,400. There are companies' water and electric light, and the estate is about 50 miles from London.

FARMS IN THE CHEVIOTS

OUTLYING parts of Chipchase Castle estate have changed hands, through the agency of Messrs. Curtis and Henson, namely, Bleakhope Farm, Four Laws Farm, and other holdings some of which carry salmon and trout fishing rights. When the properties came under the hammer, there was a large assembly of bidders from many districts far removed from the Border. The eager competition showed a resolve not to waste the journey to Newcastle-on-Tyne, if spirited bids could avail. One of the larger farms, Bleakhope, takes in part of Scotsman's Cairn, a notable height, rising to roundly 2,500 ft. Mr. Robert Donkin co-operated with Messrs. Curtis and Henson in the sales.

SALMON FISHING IN THE SPEY

WESTER ELCHIES, extending to 7,500 acres and having three or four miles of salmon fishing on the Spey, has been sold by Messrs. Jackson Stops and Staff, on behalf of Major Archie Grant. The estate includes the mansion, over 1,300 acres of woodland, Corshelloch Moor, and about 40 farms and small holdings. Knockando, an adjoining estate of nearly 11,000 acres, is for disposal by the firm. The Knockando and Mannoch Hill Moors, the shooting lodge, and salmon fishing on the Spey, and a substantial rent roll, are features of this offer. Knockando and Wester Elchies are among a dozen or more extensive estates which are named by Mr. W. L. Calderwood, in his authoritative work, *The Salmon Rivers and Lochs of Scotland*, as "particular fishings" of which he adds: "As the salmon-fishing water as can be found in all Scotland is included here, and the value of these fishings is steadily and substantially rising."

At the auction of Milton Abbey estate, in Dorset, held at Dorchester, by Messrs. Fox and Sons, farms, smallholdings and cottages, altogether about 392 acres, were sold for a total of £8,140. Messrs. Henry Duke and Son were associated as land agents. ARBITER.

“...why should you
be surprised?”

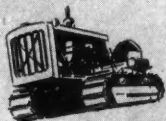


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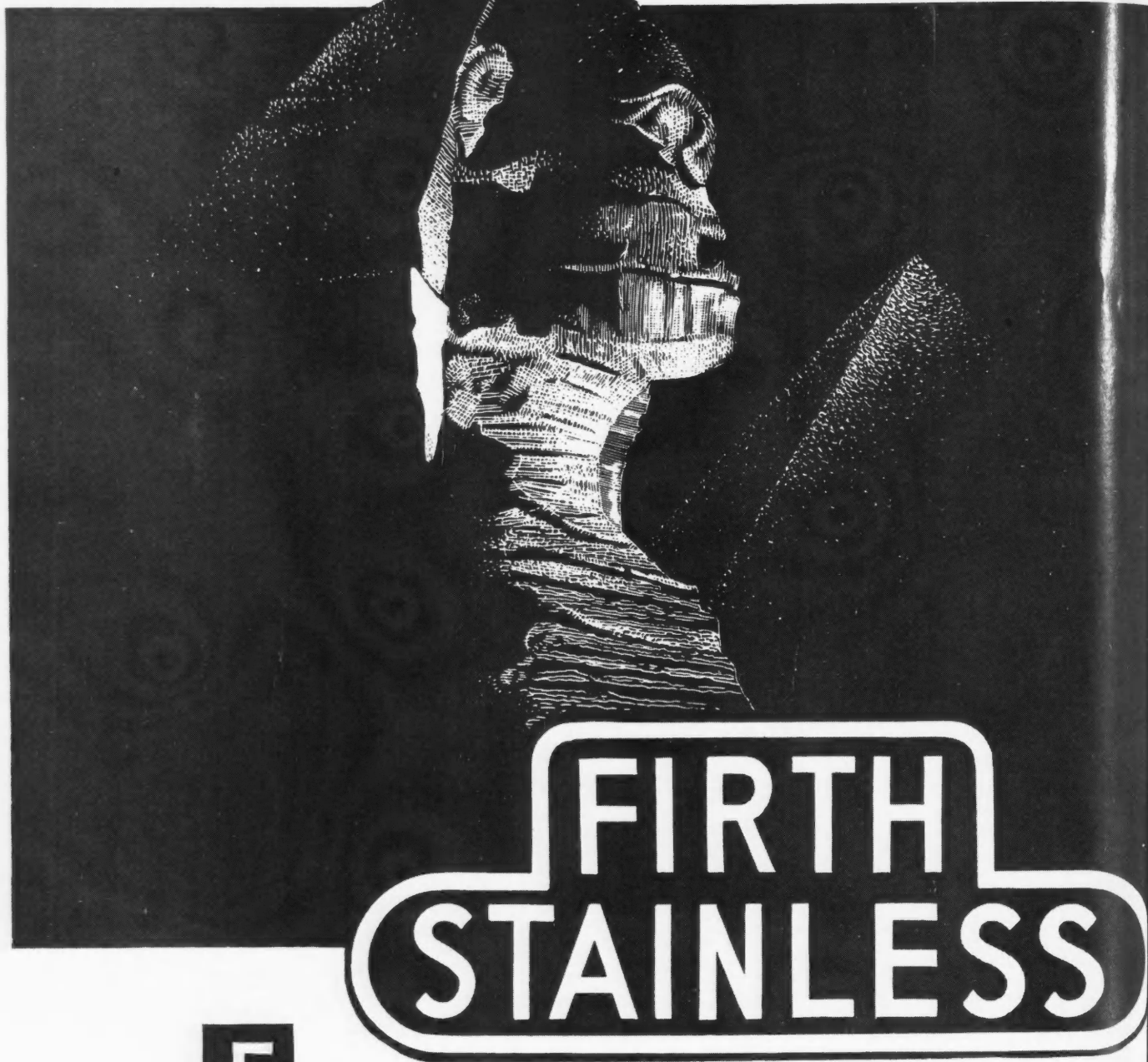
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SOLUTION to No. 641.

The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of May 8, will be announced next week.



The winner of Crossword No. 640 is Mr David Stevens, 5, Bromley Mount, Bamsley Road, Wakefield, Yorkshire.

ACROSS

1. And all discover, late or soon, Their golden Oxford ————
Gerald Gould (9)
6. The poet says we are of this dreamlike composition (5)
9. Man, act on the railway track to the guitar's music! (9)
10. An early one on the stairs should get to the top (5)
11. Scorn (7)
12. Polar hats for hotheads? (two words, 3, 4)
13. Pea and bean race (3)
14. How the tar sped to explode the mortars (7)
17. Sounds just like a vicious circle engaged in empty talk, but it's really where the kettle can let off steam! (two words, 3, 4)
19. When you have them you almost need less (7)

CROSSWORD
No. 642

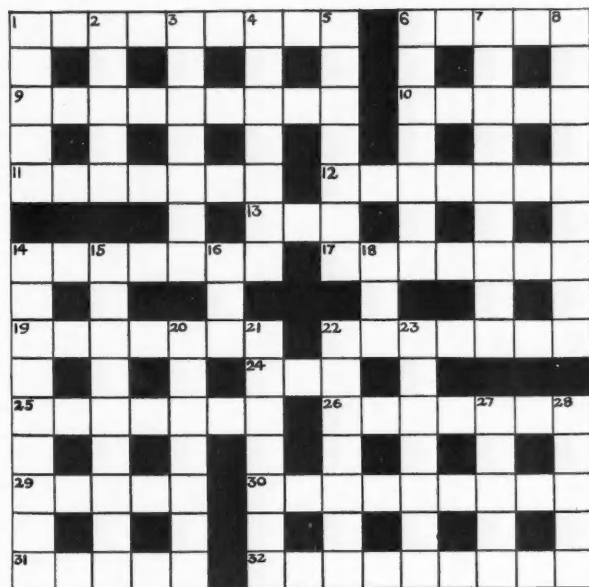
22. We plainly ought to have fetched it (7)
24. The motto of the Musketeers was this for all and all for this (3)
25. Describes a sob-sister? (7)
26. Turn off the main road for this part of the automobile (two words, 4, 3)
29. Laurie (5)
30. "The President of the ———— had ended his sport with Tess." — Thomas Hardy (9)
31. Duck before you get down (5)
32. Runs round the author of *Thursdays and Fridays* (9)

DOWN

1. He who quarrels justly is this in triplicate (5)
2. You'll need a pair to feel the pinch in coal and sugar! (5)
3. More spacious (7)
4. Biscuits, or Cromwell and his reflection (7)
5. Miss Ding that was? (7)
6. Ways (7)
7. "Sing a tune" (anagr.) (9)
8. Suggests four eyes, but it's the kind of vision you may have with only one pair (9)
14. Pierce (9)
15. Snared (in the brain only?) (9)
16. Shall Trelawney? (3)
18. Not merely atmosphere to the singer (3)
20. Remaining to Van Gogh, of course, whichever he cut off (two words, 4, 3)
21. The lid rose to reveal him (7)
22. The bridegroom cannot hope to be so good (two words, 4, 3)
23. "Would a-wooing go," no doubt, in earlier days (two words, 3, 4)
27. Seems to call for subtlety in sailing it (5)
28. All the way for Browning's patriot (5)

A prize of two guineas will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solutions should be addressed (in a closed envelope) "Crossword No. 642, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," and must reach this office not later than the first post on the morning of Thursday, May 21, 1942.

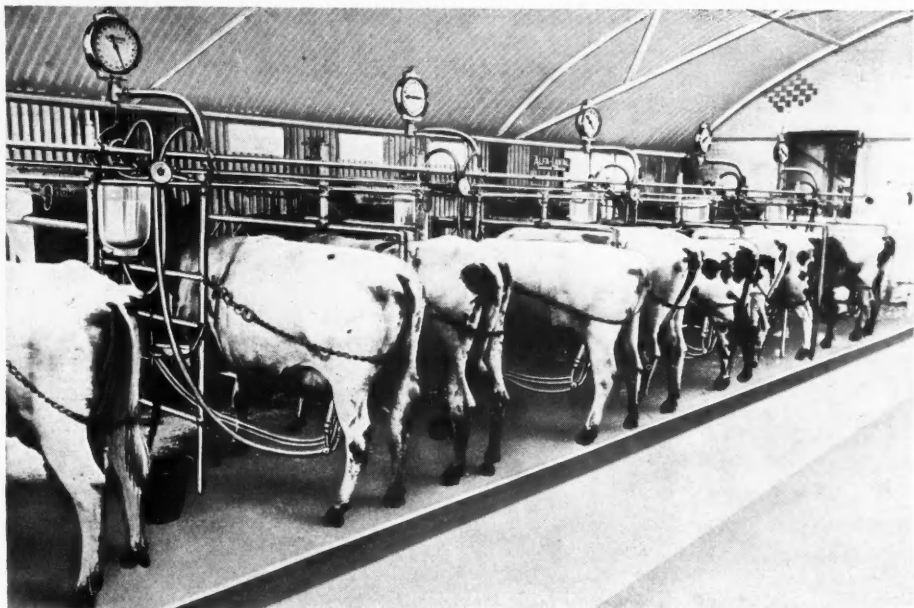
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NEW BOOKS

A HOSPITAL NURSE SPEAKS HER MIND

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

MISS MONICA DICKENS, who wrote a book called *One Pair of Hands*, describing her life as a domestic servant, has now written *One Pair of Feet* (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.). This tells what happened

to her, and what her observations and conclusions were, during a year or so which she spent as a nurse in a provincial hospital.

Briefly it may be said that Miss Dickens did not like what she found. She disliked the excessive burden of Authority, the treating of nurses as though they were imbeciles, the absurdity of many of the points of

etiquette. But she was not prepared to complain. "I might have known how useless it was to try and pit oneself against authority and a system that had been going on long before one thought nurses were only things with laps and warm towels. Several people have told me that they tried to resist the hospital system at first and had ideas about revolutionising the whole thing. But you can't; it's too big and too rooted... There's nothing you can do about it."

Nursing, as we know it to-day, was largely the creation of Florence Nightingale. She learned her job in the Crimea, and I have sometimes wondered whether this one fact accounts for much of the bad side which has persisted in nursing to this day: especially the assumption that nurses are privates or N.C.O.'s according to seniority, that "sisters" are junior officers, and that "matron" and the doctors are sacredly and unassailably "staff."

Miss Dickens found a great deal of that sort of thing. Once, in her innocence, she took a telephone message for a doctor and delivered it to him while he was on his rounds. "Sister," said she was "staggered... exceedingly shocked." She went on: "You mean to stand there and tell me that you don't know that you may not address a member of the medical staff directly, but only through the medium of someone senior to yourself?" "She looked at me," says Miss Dickens, "as if I were a bad smell."

HOSPITAL DISCIPLINE

On another occasion, when a patient was having "a terrific nose-bleed," Miss Dickens was sent to the kitchen for some ice. "Remembering that the only two occasions on which a nurse may run are fire and hæmorrhage, I pelted off and ran into a Sister on the stairs, who held me back by the arm and said: 'Nurse! whatever are you doing outside a ward without your cuffs?' Breathlessly I tried to explain, but she wouldn't even listen until I had gone back for them and confronted her again decently dressed."

Miss Dickens complains that there was no privacy to be had anywhere. "You were given a room of your own, but it was not your own. The authorities considered themselves responsible for us and made that an excuse for snooping."

As for the pay, she thinks probationer nurses have nothing to complain about. They get their training their food and lodgings, their uniform and medical attention for nothing. "I agree that the wages of a fully-trained nurse are iniquitous; their skill and experience, acquired after three years of comparative slavery, should entitle them to more pay than a high-class parlourmaid."

There were V.A.D. nurses at the hospital, but they were not welcomed. "Although they exploited them, most of the Sisters disliked the V.A.D.s. They made dirty digs about them being untrained and irresponsible, but would never give them a chance to be anything else by letting them see what was going on."

While the nurses were held in the rigid bonds of etiquette, the ward-maids would "answer back" with impunity. But ward-maids "were not so easily come by" as nurses.

UNINTELLIGENT NURSES

And what of these nurses? Miss Dickens's picture is not attractive. I am not using her actual words but paraphrasing the general impression of the book when I say that, in the main, she found them poorly educated, greedy and unintelligent. "Most of them had no interest in anything that happened a yard outside the iron railing. They never read a paper except the *Nursing Times*, and only turned on the Common Room wireless when the 9 o'clock news was safely over. They were only interested in the war as far as it affected them personally."

As for the Matron, she was "a desiccated female fakir. Life had whittled off her all the human qualities and left a rigorous kernel of asceticism, which offered no contact or understanding."

Despite all this, the work got done, even though occasionally with a lack of humanity. "Sister Adams carried a great torch like a lighthouse, which she flashed on to the patients' faces, waking them up to enquire if they could not sleep."

No one who has considered the matter at all doubts that there is a great deal wrong with the method of training nurses and with the hospital system. Nevertheless, I could not help feeling that Miss Dickens, who at last resigned when her freedom was threatened, struck an unusually "bad shop." It would be unfair to imply that her book is one long grumble. On the contrary, it is full of humour and human insight, and

no doubt her unusual equipment of these qualities made the martinet impact of the hospital system the more trying to her heart and nerves.

TRAVELLERS IN EUROPE

Mr. Paul Tabori, who writes *Epitaph for Europe* (Hodder and Stoughton, 8s. 6d.) is a young Hungarian who in the few years before the war travelled extensively throughout Europe, earning his keep by doing all sorts of jobs, and making contact with all sorts of people. Out of an unusually rich experience he composes his picture of the old Europe "lost beyond redemption."

Mr. Tabori's weakness is that, in assessing national characteristics, he tends to draw too much within the scope of a generalisation. Of Belgium, for example, he says that "the constant sense of danger from exterior aggression seems to have acted as a powerful incentive . . . Belgian artists and poets, musicians and architects, have all been compelled to work against time." Pursuing this thought, he uses it to explain "the austere perfection of Memling, the sombreness of Teniers, the ascetic uneasiness of the Van Eycks, or the angular shyness of Matsys. But it also explains why Brueghel painted the joys of fleshpot and tankard, and why the greatest lover of life and peace, Pieter Paul Rubens, created such pure ecstasies of sensuality."

But does it explain it? To me, Mr. Tabori seems to have dragged everything completely at haphazard into the orbit of a fleeting notion. And who is this Brueghel who painted "the joys of fleshpot and tankard"? If it be the great Brueghel—Pieter Brueghel the Elder—surely there never was a more inadequate, even

misleading, description of a painter's work.

Rather than the philosophising and generalising I enjoyed the straightforward record of Mr. Tabori's journeys and encounters. He has been a porter, a Berlin night-club commissionaire, a theatre call-boy, a teacher of English, a translator for a Belgian advertising firm, and, wherever he has found himself, a great seeker-out of the local men and women of letters. His book is full of stories of their manners and conversation, more or less conducted under the apprehension of approaching doom.

Mr. Tabori is a great worshipper of men of letters and expects them to live up to his preconceptions. Gerhardt Hauptmann let him down badly. He merely complained that he could never get a cook to make decent pea-soup. This was a "disappointment," an "anti-climax," but Mr. Tabori happily found Mr. Aldous Huxley and many others willing to talk like great men.

PARIS IN THE 1870's

Letters from Paris (Dent, 15s.) is "written by C. de B., a political informant, to the head of the London house of Rothschild" between the years 1870 and 1875. Thus they cover the time of the Franco-Prussian war and the upsurge of the Commune.

It is interesting to read these letters in the light of present events. Quite early there occurs that terrible phrase which we have heard till we are sick of it, "Time is on our side," which deserves a place among famous Last Words. Time is never on anyone's side. The question always is: Who is on the side of Time?

We find the politicians of France complaining of the cost of the army

and asking: "Where is the peril? Who threatens us?" We find the army, such as it was, appallingly ill-equipped, despite warning after warning. The French military attaché in Berlin had written a memorable phrase: "Prussia is not a country with an army, but an army that has a country."

HOSPITALS SHELLED

Inefficient preparation, bitter political differences in Paris, lack of interest in the provinces: these were the preliminaries. When the Prussian bombardment of the capital began, something happened with which we are familiar: "General Trochu has written to Moltke asking if it is a pure coincidence that nearly all our big hospitals have been systematically shelled. . . . It seems almost certain that the Prussians are doing this on purpose as a form of terror warfare."

The Prussian cavalry of those days did the work that mechanised units do in ours, and they did it with as little opposition. Nancy was taken by four cavalry men, Chalons by five!

So the familiar story goes—sad but enlightening reading. As to the state of the general population during the siege, this, I think, is much better conveyed by the letters in Mrs. Belloc Lowndes's recent book, *I Too Have Lived in Arcadia*. The present book is better on the political side. Between them, they furnish a most complete picture of Prussianism in action against incompetents.

Anne Meredith's novel, *The Family Man* (Faber, 8s. 6d.) is a study of family life in late Victorian years. Edwin Clair, the family man of the title, is a prosperous civil servant with abundant offspring, and, as if

these were not enough, he housed his mother and his sister.

Thus there is plenty of human material—old, middle-aged, and young—for Miss Meredith's pen to manipulate. For the most part, the story remains within comfortable middle-class limits, but one of the daughters takes up work in a "settlement," so that contact, rather slight, is established with another way of living.

It is all very well and smoothly written, and the author chooses to keep her picture free from high-lights. Sometimes her conversation has a witty snap, as in this passage between father and daughter:

"If Mr. Standish were the last man in the world, I would not marry him."

"If he were the last man in the world, I doubt whether you would have the opportunity."

LOVES AND HATES

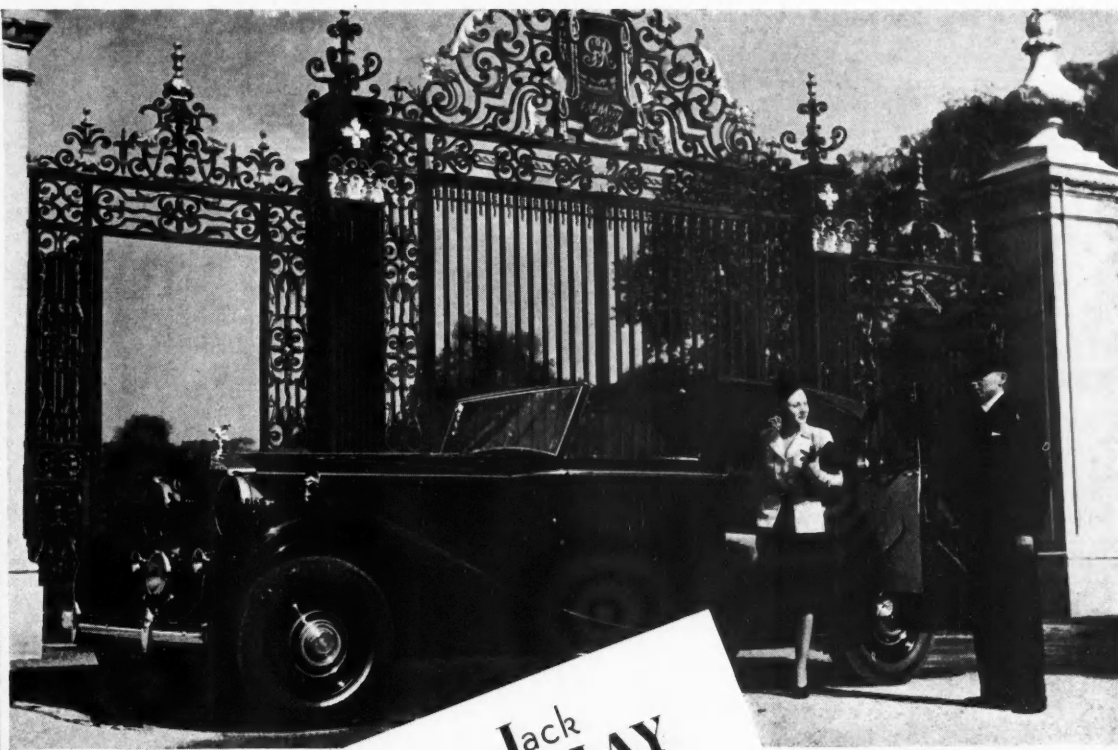
MR. VIVIAN DE SOLA PINTO, once a University professor of English, now a captain in the Royal Engineers, is a man who expresses the hopes and ardours of those to whom spiritual squalor is the sin unto death. In *This Is My England* (Williams and Norgate, 2s.), he gives attractive expression to his loves among the works of nature, his hates among the works of man. Good poems contrasting the two are "The Wind," "In the Train," "Loveliness in Hampshire." Always he is conscious that:

Glory is flogged thro' homeless skies.
Always he prays, as some vivid beauty overwhelms him:

O clean world, O crystal world,
be near me in the drabness of our hell.
His translations of Russian songs are, like everyone else's, a failure. Apparently it just can't be done. V. H. F.

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The plain woollen frock comes in beige, pastel blues or pink with a square neckline, a flared skirt with a flat tuck. (Right above) Rayon crêpe in white and a blue that is brighter than navy. The yoke moulds the waistline and the dog-tooth check is used effectively on the bodice and for the swing skirt. Marshall and Snelgrove.

THE new series of restrictions limit the number of pleats to two box or four knife in a skirt, seams in a skirt to six, the buttons on a jacket to four, pockets to two. The list is a long one. Pinafore tops to skirts are taboo; so are vents and slits on jackets, pleats and bellows on pockets. Embroidery, tucking, appliqué, braiding and the like are firmly barred on most portions of a dress or coat. Some ornamental stitching on pockets, revers and at the waist is allowed, but there is also a limit placed on the number of stitches to the inch which will have the effect of stopping certain forms of seaming altogether. These rules will take effect on every garment cut after May 18. The restrictions still leave plenty of scope for variety, though many popular fashions such as kilted skirts, Norfolk jackets, coats with big unpressed pleats, are gone after the present large stocks are exhausted. Women in the Forces will certainly have it over their civilian sisters in the matter of pockets and buttons.

Fabric and colour become more important than ever before; so do accessories, hairdressing, and a good figure and carriage. A chemise dress, and this will certainly come back into fashion, is made or marred by its colour and texture, by the way it is worn and what it is worn with. Fabrics should be chosen with great care, and fortunately the London shops are full of a profusion of charming materials. Definite fashion trends emerge. There is an army of navy and white prints. Many of the conventional designs are like wrought-iron work, navy on white, or white on navy, with the pattern worked into bars about 2 ins. deep. These make up well into tailored frocks touched with white

SUMMER FROCKS

Plain, Print and Check

(Below) Rayon crêpe with a ruched dickey and a ruche edging each small sleeve. The silhouette is tubular; the print is in all the colours of a herbaceous border. From Frederick Gorrings.





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My job is to win the war, and to do it I must not spend a penny more than I need to keep me fit for my job.

... or a free life in a free world?

Issued by the National Savings Committee

Chipstraw

Chipstraw, shining and as white as snow, is the favourite of the summer. Debenham and Freebody show a sailor with a saucer brim held on by a black taffeta ribbon.



and worn with white accessories, or into a frock with a crossover top. Either way is satisfactory for the wide stripes which lend themselves to horizontal effects at the hem, waist and on yokes. There are also

many navy and white and black and white crêpes with white or red dotted designs. These are not always polka dots, though there are many of these. They may be flower dots, star dots, tiny leaves, or dots, or four-leafed clover, as is a pretty one at Marshall and Son. That is in a very shining white on black. The black rayon moss crêpe at Harvey Nichols is effective. White daisy heads are lacquered on and grouped like a constellation of stars. This costs 15s. 9d. a yard. At Harvey Nichols also are many prints with designs that look as though they were brushed on. These are brilliant in colour, and each piece is the last of its kind, as the crêpes are French.

THERE is an enormous number of rayon crêpes and pure silk crêpes in multi-coloured designs where the tiny flowers are massed so that they practically cover the ground. These are in very bright colours. Any number of them are in shades of blue; others have bright cyclamen and puce predominating. Crêpes with larger designs are printed with jungle flowers in exotic colours. Plain heavy moss crêpes come in all the dark shades and are gilt-edged investments for a wardrobe with a long-term policy. Nothing is more elegant or more useful than a dark, plain frock, black, navy or dark brown. Materials are so heavy that they can be tailored. Lachasse shows a navy with navy paillette buttons and a tiny roll collar. Strassner have a square-necked black one with a godet in the front of the skirt. It is worn with a mushroom-toned jacket in corded silk embroidered on the pockets in black like a Victorian antimacassar. Whiteleys, indeed, have had so many enquiries for black that they run a special department known as "Lady in Black." Here you will find every kind of black frock in all sizes including very large fittings. There are elegant short dinner frocks, in georgette, crêpe and corded silk. One I liked especially had a gauged circular yoke in front with a narrow sheer white collar outlining a "V." This was in very fine black jersey with a yoke fitting into the waist. A black crêpe with short turquoise blue embroidered sleeves was pretty; so was a black frock with a Russian tunic bordered with hydrangea blue. There are tailored black frocks in wool and crêpe for less formal occasions, and several of the fashionable black dresses with bars or yokes introducing a second colour. Several have the big dolman armholes tapered to narrow elbow-length sleeves.

Among plain materials noted in the shops are wool-back satin 36 ins. wide at Harvey Nichols, that costs only 4s. 11½d. a yard and comes in bright colours, orange, blue, and so on, and wide-wale velveteen, perfect for making into short jackets or skirts, costing one and a third coupons and 13s. 9d. a yard for a narrow width. This is made in grey, bottle green, wine and black.

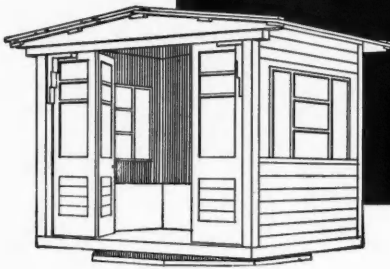
There is a good supply of rayon wools, sold everywhere, either plain or checked, striped, grey and white, or slate blue.

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Toucan

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